The War Novel: From Mailer to Vonnegut, by Alfred Kazin

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 6, 1971/FIFTY CENTS

MERCURY

How Much Are We Eating?

by Peter and Katherine Mont

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This fellow used to foul up Lake Erie

Calvin Tilton operates a large farm in Lucas County, Ohio. For years he lost valuable fertilized topsoil through runoff into streams that empty into Lake Erie.

The nearby Maumee River, for example, dumps about 3 tons of silt *per minute* into the lake at Toledo. But Mr. Tilton's topsoil is no longer a significant part of this flow. He has built grass waterways, terraces, and settling basins to trap the soil that would otherwise be lost in drainage.

But there are still many farms that are losing valuable topsoil and the fertilizers that go with it. All of this helps to "poison" the lake.

How could this be?

Read this statement by Dr. Richard L. Means in the August-September 1969 issue of *Natural History:*

> "Take the case of the pollution of Lake Erie. The runoff of phosphate fertilizers from hundreds of Ohio farms has had a significant role in the pollution of the lake. The phosphates (and nitrates) became nutrients for a fantastic growth of algae in the lake—accelerating the natural process called eutrophication. The western basin of Lake Erie is covered, during the summer, with an 800-square-mile mass of algae, two feet thick. This tremendous algae growth, in turn, removes much of the oxygen from the water, which makes life impossible for the more desirable forms of life (game fish, etc), and also makes swimming a messy and risky business. As a result, the value of Lake Erie as a recreational resource has declined tragically."

Professor Means goes on to observe, "industries and municipalities that dump their wastes into the lake are also to blame." We agree.

Industries such as our Lackawanna steel plant on Lake Erie near Buffalo have helped to pollute this once beautiful lake. We are now approaching the final stages of a $23-million program to control water pollution at this plant.

The problem is immensely complex. Would you forbid the use of fertilizers on farms? Would you shut down municipal sewage plants that don't meet rigid standards? Are you prepared to pay higher taxes to build better treatment plants?

Tricky problems, you will agree.

Meantime, we are going full speed ahead with programs to clean up our air and water pollution, and not just around Lake Erie, but in all areas where we have plants. We want to be good neighbors everywhere. You can count on it.

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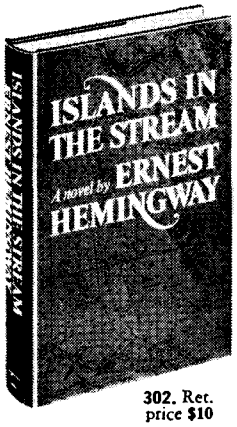

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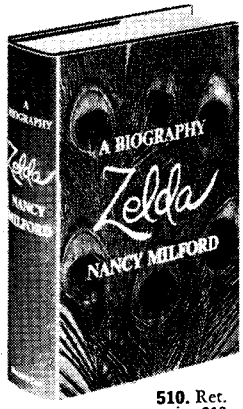

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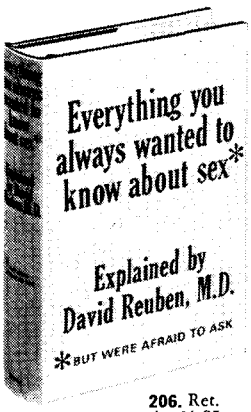

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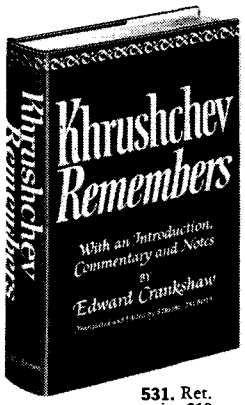

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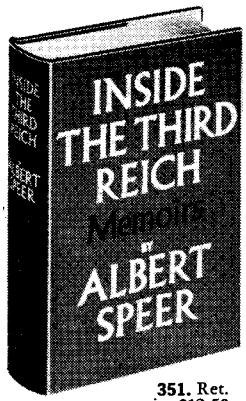

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February 6, 1971

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by Peter and Katherine Montague

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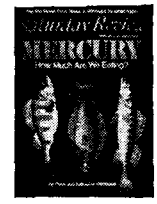

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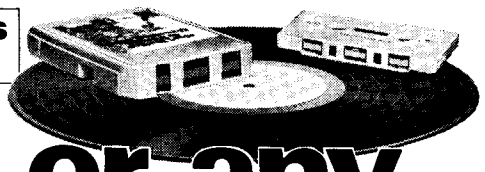

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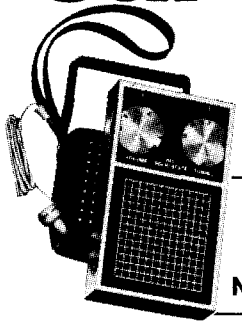

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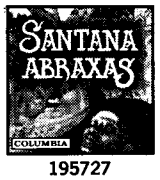

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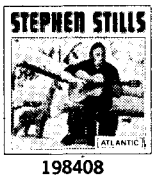

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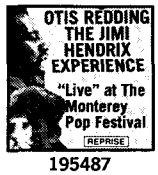

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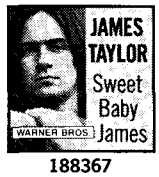

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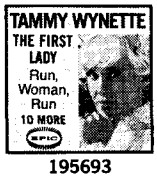

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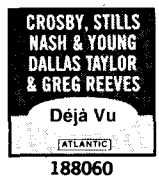

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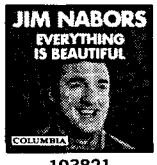

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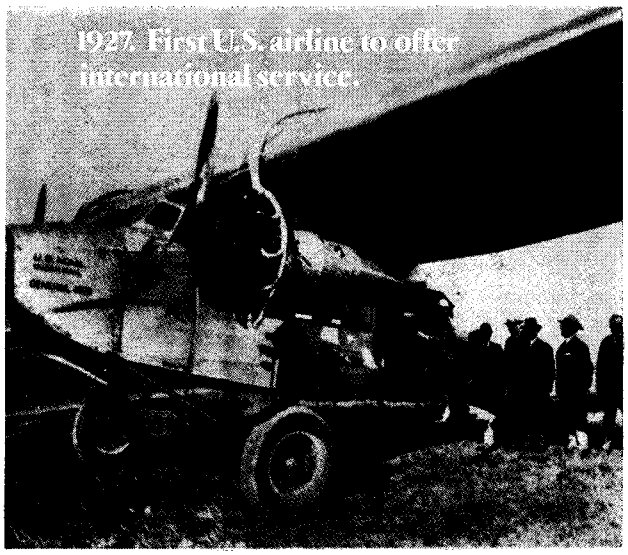

1927. First U.S. airline to offer international service.

Let's start at the beginning (don't go away, we'll be brief).

The beginning was 1923, when a group of visionary aviators got their hands on some rickety Navy surplus planes and set out to open the entire world to air travel. At that time the longest recorded passenger flight over water was a nervous 90 miles.

What came out of it is history. And us. The airline that opened the Caribbean in 1927. South America in 1930. The Pacific in 1935. The Atlantic in 1939. And finally, in 1942, the world. With the first airline flight ever to circle the globe.

The airlines' airline.

Now in doing all that flying we learned a few things.

We learned so much about weather and navigation that we still set the standards for our industry.

We learned so much about airplanes that we've introduced nearly every new aircraft of the last 40 years. Including *the* passenger ship of the 70's. The quiet, spacious Boeing 747.

By 1931 we knew so much about flying that we opened a formal training school for our crews. Their skills improved so noticeably that other airlines began to ask us to train their people too. And thus we became the airline that trains other airlines.

From all this came our reputation for efficiency.

Why do we want to live it down? Mostly because a reputation for being big and efficient goes hand in hand with a reputation for being cold and impersonal. Which, we fear, may tend to keep some of you from flying with us.

And that would be a shame. For we did not build this airline for our pleasure. We built it for your pleasure. Which means we have never overlooked the amenities that make traveling enjoyable. Like food.

When you fly you get hungry.

Back in 1929 we put flight stewa aboard and started serving meals aloft even though it "would never work."

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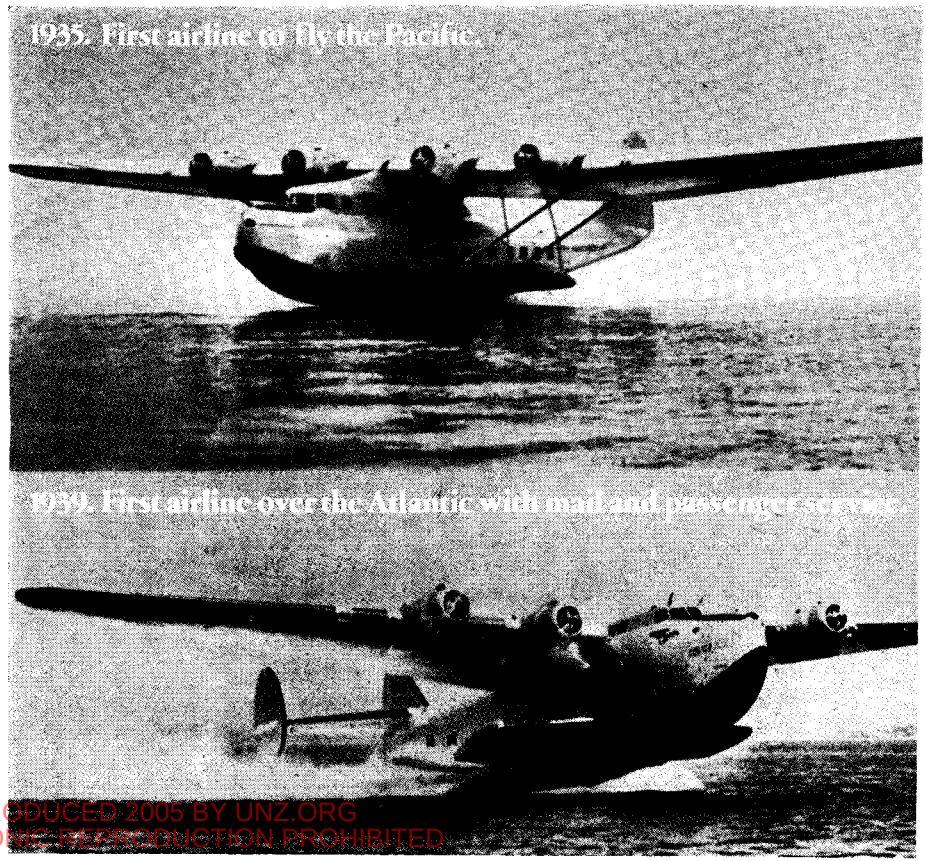

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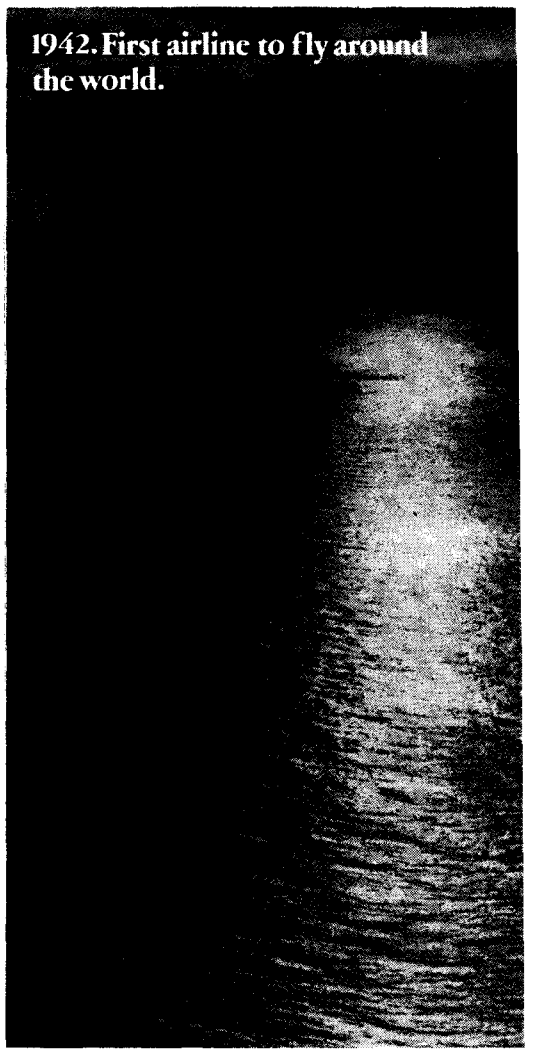

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

With Her in the House, Who Needs Television?

THIS IS BEING WRITTEN at the behest of a friend named Jane Doe. She asked me not to divulge her true identity. ("Just sign it Unanimous," she said.)

Jane Doe is one of the wealthiest and most powerful women in America. Among her vast holdings are 112 shares of AT&T, which she has secretly acquired over the years, and which includes several stock splits. ("Look, dear, my AT&T had babies.")

She began throwing her power around the other evening when I read to her from the newspaper that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission had brought drastic charges against AT&T for its hiring practices in the matter of sex.

"Sex!" she said, bolting upright. "They're blaming AT&T for all those obscene phone calls?"

"Of course not. They claim AT&T is not giving women equal job opportunity with men."

"That's a bald-headed lie, and I want you to write that in your magazine. You can tell 'em about Annie and the job I got her at the telephone company."

"Annie? I don't seem to recall—"

"Annie was that beautiful waitress at the tearoom where we used to have lunch every day who told us she was quitting her job because she wasn't getting enough tips."

"Oh, of course. Annie, the tipless waitress."

"That's the one. First, I thought I'd get her into the movies, she's so pretty. I have sixty shares of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I called a man at the movie company, and I wrote several letters to him telling him about my stock."

"I didn't know you did that."

"Well, I wanted to surprise you when she became a movie star. I wrote him that Annie's so beautiful she would be a really big box-office draw."

"And what happened?"

"Well, I got her the job, but she didn't like the hours of being a cashier in a box office."

"A big box-office draw, yes."

"So then I called the phone company. I have a connection there too—with my hundred and twelve shares."

"Big deal."

"Oh, yes, I told them she wanted to work for AT&T, and they gave her a job. I'll bet she's the most beautiful telephone operator there."

"I don't recall her being all that beautiful."

"She has beautiful blond hair, and big blue eyes, and a cute little nose, and her mouth goes without saying."

"At the switchboard of the phone company, of course."

"Yes, now you write in your magazine that they gave her a job and that it proves they're not unfair about giving a job to someone who happens to be a woman."

"But, Jane, that's what women are objecting to—why should they be considered only for jobs as telephone operators?"

"Because a telephone operator means a woman. You never hear anybody say, 'The operator, he cut me off.' They always say, 'She cut me off.' Telephone operator is a feminine noun. Like receptionist. Everybody knows a receptionist is a pretty girl. So is a nurse, or a manicurist."

"Or a belly dancer."

"Yes, all feminine nouns."

"But, Jane, what about the women fighting for liberation? They feel they qualify for higher executive jobs. Don't you go along with the liberation movement?"

"Well, personally I'm happy being here in my nice apartment, with all my stocks, with you—"

"Ran third again."

"I don't feel I'm not liberated. If that's what they want, let them have it. Doesn't it to you?"

"Uh, yes, lib and let lib. But you see, Jane, not all women share your opinion that certain jobs have a sexual connotation."

"Please, I never said that."

"You said a telephone operator means a girl. Right?"

"Well, it does. Suppose you called a big company on the phone, what would you do if a man answered the switchboard?"

"I'd hang up. I always hang up when a man answers."

"See? That's what I mean."

"But I happen to know a woman with four grown children. She felt she wanted more out of life; so she took a postgraduate course and earned a doctorate in philosophy. Now she has a professional identity—Dr. Edith Williams."

"Yes, but I'll bet when her children come to visit they call her Mother. And you can put that in your column."

"And smoke it."

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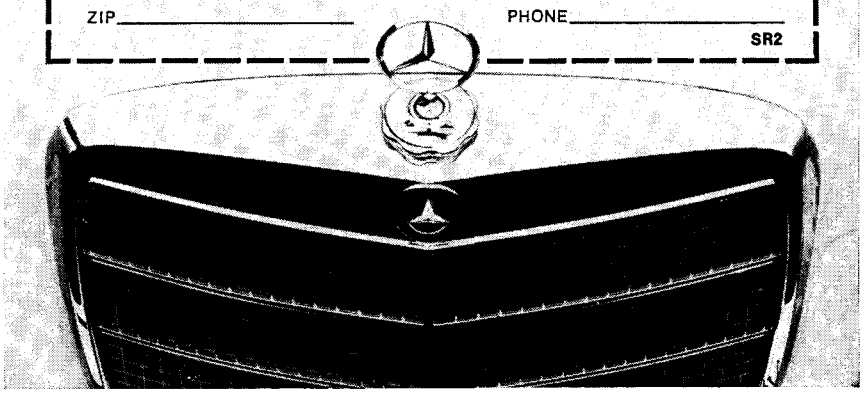

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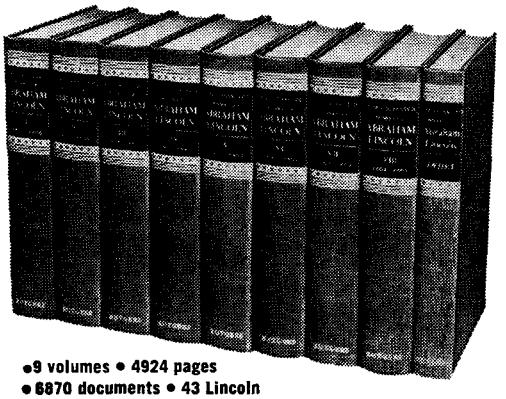

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Typo of the Week—from the Los Angeles *Times* "Calendar":

> Since 1968, when they (John "Yank" Lawson and Bob Haggart) became co-leaders of a new nine-piece unit billed as The World's Greatest Jazzband, they have been state-and-country-hopping as if their wives depended on it.

Pending, we presume, first settlement down. Meanwhile the East was not idle, as witness the contribution from O. R. Gallagher of Saratoga Springs in *The Saratogian*:

> Eighteen Skidmore College women enrolled in a class in monasticism will live the lives of monks in a Roman Catholic monastery for five days, Jan. 18-22, even though it means giving up smoking and between-males snacks.

Serves them wrong, we say. Finally, many readers, of whom Mrs. Dorothy Clingman of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Ford of Minneapolis were first, favored us with the following item from the Grand Rapids *Press*:

> Dear Mrs. Post: Recently at a funeral home I had caused some "hurt feelings" because I did not offer my "sympathies" to a niece at a wake. The niece is the daughter of my brother who died. I feel that I did not have to express sympathy since the death of my brother was also a personal loss. What is your opinion?—Virginia
>
> Dear Virginia: The fact that you felt the loss of your brother deeply was no reason not to offer sympathy la lala la

What do you say, girls? Let's try it once more from the top.

We've got news for you about *Don't Fall Off the Mountain* (Norton). Shirley MacLaine not only can write, she can cook. We had dinner with her in her apartment, and not only did she do everything, including the dishes, but we liked everything—including a dessert we couldn't identify. "I call it 'Fattening,'" she said.

We told her she didn't look like her pictures. "Nobody *ever* recognizes me," she said. "I'm very chameleon-like. This business of exuding vibrations is a fact, you know. I did an experiment once. I was walking up Fifth Avenue with this guy and I bet him. I was wearing a kind of nondescript, colorless outfit—cloth coat, cloth hat, scarf—nothing anybody couldn't buy. For the first five blocks nobody recognized me. Then I said 'all right,' and for the next five blocks I was immediately recognized. I admit those blocks I walked differently and I didn't amalgamate myself into the windows and my day and myself. But what really did it was that I just used the same degree of concentration on the fact that I *was* a movie star.

"I'm already working on another book," she said. "That's one thing about writing. It's worse to suffer the terrible pangs of doing it than the awful nothingness of not doing it. I write with a Japanese pen, you know. When you press light, the ink flows lightly—then when you press down hard, it *really* flows. I really get a sensuous kick just out of marking the paper.

"Then," she continued, "when I get stuck, you know what I do? It works like a charm, too. I just run hot water on some part of my body. Some days I take like four sitz baths a day.

"I finished the book three years ago," she told us. "God, my *outline* was 500 pages! But I can edit—I've got a sense of economy from all the ballet training, or script reading, or something. Anyway, when I'd finished, Bill Lederer, who wrote *The Ugly American*, read it and got Eric Swenson at Norton to read it, and they wanted to publish it, but I wouldn't. I just put it in a drawer. I didn't think my life was interesting at all. After all, I was white, I was middle-class, I was healthy, I had a lot of money. I wasn't black or Jewish or crippled or one-eyed. Just too regular."

What about her father's reaction? we asked. Her portrait was, after all, hardly flattering. "Well," she said, "first my father called my brother [Warren Beatty]. 'Warren,' he said, 'you're used to being the son of a bitch in print. Now I guess it's my turn.'

"Then I went to Virginia to see them. 'Shirley,' my father said, 'you've made me a bigot. Well, that's what I am and I always will be. I was only afraid you'd make me one of those soppy liberals.'

"I looked at him. I could feel my own face. Then, for the first time, I really realized why I had written it.

"And you know what he did finally—the last time I was there? He put his arm around me and said, 'Shirley, tell me, who *really* wrote it?'"

Who, we asked, did? She laughed uproariously. "You *bastard*," she said. She stopped. "My father was easy," she went on. "Now I'm writing about my mother and I'm having such *trouble*. She just doesn't *exist*. Maybe that's what Women's Lib is all about."

What about the feud with Warren? we asked. "Well," she said, "on some levels we have a really close relationship. We'll really tell each other, for example, when we've done something we don't think is up to us. But our life-styles are chasms apart. If there's a choice, you know, Warren will always opt for the conservative side." She paused again. "My God, the values they tried to pump into us. I don't know how I escaped—but that's my next book."

How, we asked, did she? "It was Steve," she said, "and travel. His wanderlust brought out the latent wanderlust in me. I thought, 'Here I am, an actress. I'm supposed to be up there emulating life, and I don't know a goddamn thing about life.' Arlington, Virginia? New York? Hollywood? That's *life?*"

Was it true, we asked, she and her husband Steve, who lives in Japan, often go six months without seeing each other? She nodded. "I don't really think we would have been married for eighteen years if we had lived together. I love him, but people don't believe it. People have such a categorical thing about love—a place thing or a one-person thing—that you can only love one person."

Do you love more than one? we asked. "Sure," she said. Do you want to marry someone else? She laughed again. "Marry!" she exclaimed. "Marriage is ridiculous. I think so, and so does Steve."

Well then, we asked, why did they get married? "Because I was eighteen and he didn't know any better." Why, we persisted, didn't they get divorced? "Because," she said, "we want to save ourselves the temptation of making the same mistake again." Once more, she laughed uproariously.

We gave up—and in. "It's been a long, hard fight," she said, "to be independent. But I still have these pockets of dependency, damn it. God, it's awful, isn't it?"

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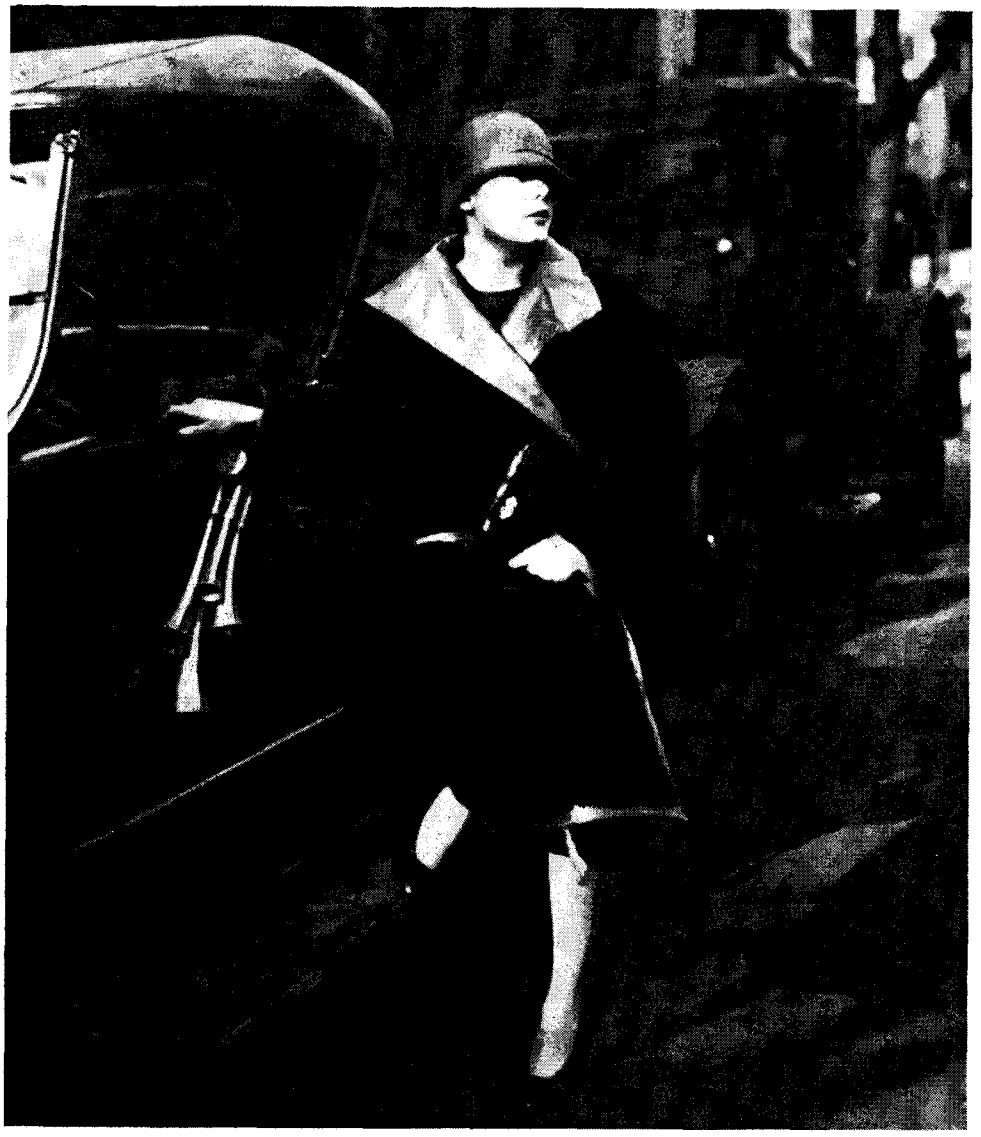

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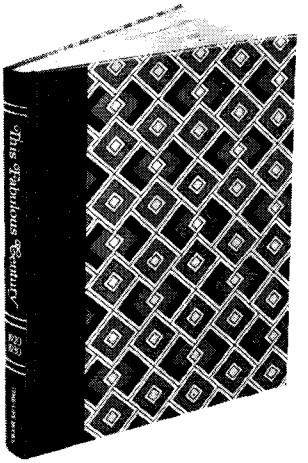

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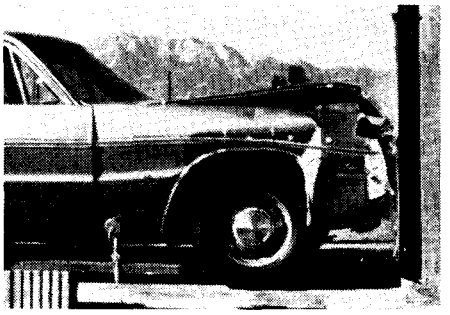

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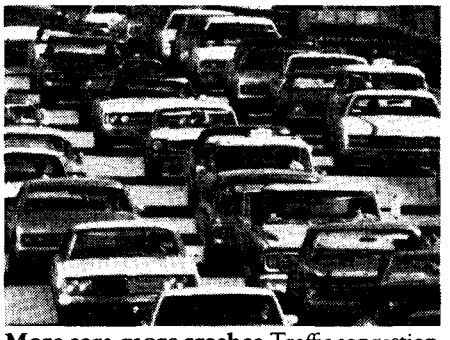

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Saturday Review
February 6, 1971

The War Novel: From Mailer to Vonnegut

"War as an event that literature could do justice to has yielded to an apocalyptic sense of the possible destruction of mankind."

by ALFRED KAZIN

Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead,* published in 1948 with enormous success of every kind, was the first "important"—and is probably still the best—novel about Americans at war, 1941-1945. Mailer at twenty-five was so thoroughly launched by his first book—it was exactly what people brought up on novels and films about the First World War expected of the "new war" novelists—that many of his later efforts were disconcerting to his admirers. But even jealous older novelists—Hemingway called the book "poor cheese, pretentiously wrapped"—understood the book in terms of their own expectations. The moment was still ripe for a novel that would honor war as a test of the literary imagination.

Like everyone who has written well about war, Mailer was palpably excited by it. The 1941-1945 war, "*the* war" as we used to call it, was a chance to prove his "courage"—always a pressing subject with Mailer—and a way of getting away from the Brooklyn Jewishness that he found provincial and uninteresting. War was a chance to meet head on the endurance, the solidarity, the suffering that have always been the epic stuff of war. ("It is well that war is so terrible," Robert E. Lee said after Fredericksburg, "else we should grow too fond of it.") Mailer is supposed even to have insisted on his being sent to the Pacific because Europe was such familiar literary territory. Having been interested in aeronautics and engineering at Harvard, he also had a certain vanity about his ability to handle the many technical problems that are created by war.

All these personal ambitions for war—his unmistakable delight in its dangers and tests, and his liking for the Texans and the rednecks in his outfit—were given shape by Mailer's intellectual fascination with the unprecedented power that Americans could summon up for war. Mailer was at once excited by this power and deeply suspicious of its over-reaching. He was to write with excitement about the extreme physical exertion of soldiers, the violence done to the living and the dead; his "political" sense of the possible menace to the world in so much American power was represented by a figure out of the "anti-Fascist" novels of the 1930s: the sinister, epicene, arrogant General Cummings. The "Fascist" mentality of General Cummings is a characterization typical of World War II novels produced soon after the war; Mailer's was a generation that had gone to war recognizing it as part of the same social crisis that had produced Hitler. But unlike the "progressive," more simple-minded novelists of the immediate postwar period, Mailer saw the general as also a victim of the military machine that absorbs everything—even generals—into itself.

At the end of *The Naked and the Dead,* General Cummings's intellectual vanity—he has been a prophet of the "totalitarian century"—becomes a joke on himself; but the "liberal" professions of his aide, Lieutenant Hearn, are equally shown up when the young officer's efforts to demonstrate solidarity with the enlisted men result in his death. Sergeant Croft, who really runs the platoon, hates Hearn for stepping out of place and tricks the lieutenant into exposing himself to enemy fire; the decisive victory of the American forces invading "Anopopei Island" is secured by the mechanical decision of a staff bureaucrat when the general is away from the island trying to get the Navy's help. These ironies are important items in Mailer's respect for the bludgeoning organization of the military machine. He is not sentimental about the GIs, hard-luck types who were as pathetic in South Boston and

ALFRED KAZIN, author and critic, is presently at work on a new book dealing with the American novel since World War II.

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San Antonio as they are in the Army. The whole book works for Mailer as a highly organized effort to show war as the ultimate expression of our society. Although his book owes some of its appeal to the shared experiences that so many readers bring to it, the urgently effective quality behind *The Naked and the Dead* is respect for war as the systematized deployment of technical skills.

"You and I, Rinaldi," said the Hemingway hero in that other far-off war, "we've made a separate peace." Nobody in novels about World War II "makes" a separate peace. Nowadays we are far removed indeed from the literary detachment of those ambulance volunteers who wrote *In Our Time, 1919,* and *The Enormous Room.* Mailer writes as a soldier from the ranks and from hard-won knowledge, both in the field and after the "peace," of what World War II did to hammer America into a militarized, bureaucratized "superpower." Hemingway, Cummings, even Dos Passos in his "Left" days, never saw war as the inevitable extension of our super power. There are no free agents in Mailer's work. Truly a child of the Second World War, Mailer owes his easy handling of the composite sides of war to his political understanding of America the colossus at mid-century. The enlisted men in his novel are always in friction—battling, pushing, swearing—and this personal emotion has not the slightest effect on the actual course of the fighting. What interests Mailer about war is what follows from so much relentless, organized, sanctioned violence. He loves the psychic extremes, the hysteria of soldiers drunkenly stumbling around Japanese corpses looking for "souvenirs" and of soldiers in the jungle pushing themselves unconscious with exhaustion. Dread, extreme fatigue, killing and getting killed become forms of intoxication that lift people out of their usual selves—always a prime motive in Mailer. War is still the one "big" experience that the common man will have in his life. War frees each man to realize his most intimate fantasy before it obliterates him. D. H. Lawrence said of the First World War that it was "sensational delight posing as pious idealism." Mailer, in his first book, still accepts the "sensational delight" of war. *The Naked and the Dead* is now a very old-fashioned novel.

World War II has turned into a very different war during the twenty-five years in which we have been forced to think of Hiroshima, Auschwitz, Dresden, the thirty million dead, the threat of universal nuclear destruction. Of *this* war, as opposed to our restricted image of it during the 1940s, one can say that no individual experience, as reported in literature, has done justice to it or can, and that the most atrocious individual experiences still seem unreal when we read about them. When the British liberated Belsen on April 15, 1945, they came upon 40,000 sick, starving, and dying prisoners, and more than 10,000 corpses stacked in heaps. Belsen was not the worst Nazi concentration camp, merely the first to be exposed to the world. The London *Times* correspondent began his dispatch: "It is my duty to describe something beyond the imagination of mankind." This reaction became part of every serious and honest view of World War II so that, by the 1950s, it blended into so many uncovered horrors, so many possible future wars, such a continuous general ominousness that "*the* war" soon became War anywhere, anytime—War that has never ended.

Realism, observation, even one's own experience could no longer express "War" as it did "*the* war." War as an actuality, bound by space and time, an event that literature could "do justice" to, has yielded to an apocalyptic sense of the possible destruction of mankind, of the boundlessness of man's enmities. Above all, we have had the sense of a world made totally absurd; war has become the normal, omnipresent condition of daily living, dominating a whole generation by the terror of its own weapons, and by the visible undoing, in its preparations for war, of all those human loyalties and common values in the name of which war used to be fought.

The essence of such novels as Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five, or the Children's Crusade* is that though both are ostensibly about the 1941-1945 war, in which both writers served, they are really about The Next War, and thus about a war that will be without limits and without meaning, a war that will end only when no one is alive to fight it. The theme of *Catch-22* in particular is the total craziness of war, the craziness of all those who submit to it, and the struggle for sanity by one man, Yossarian, who wants just to survive. But how can one construct fictional meaning, narrative logic, out of a system in which virtually everyone but the hero assents to madness and willingly poses as mad? The answer is that *Catch-22* is about the hypothesis of a totally insane world, a difficult subject for anyone not a Jonathan Swift, a Lewis Carroll, or a Franz Kafka; so Heller, who combines the bitterness of a total pacifist with the mocking pseudo-rationality of traditional Jewish humor, has to fetch up one gag after another. "The dead man in Yossarian's tent was simply not easy to live with." "General Dreedle was incensed by General Peckem's recent directive requiring all tents in the Mediterranean theater of operations to be pitched along parallel lines with entrances facing back proudly toward the Washington Monument." The book proceeds by Yossarian's asking sensible, human, logical questions about war, to which the answers are madly inconsequent. Heller himself is the straight man on this lunatic stage, Yossarian the one human being in this farcically anti-human setup. The jokes are variations on the classic Yiddish story of the totally innocent recruit who pokes his head over the trench, discovers that everyone is firing away, and cries out in wonder, "One can get killed here!"

Yet, the impressive emotion in *Catch-22* is not "black humor," the totally absurd, but horror. Whenever the book veers back to its primal scene, a bombardier's evisceration in a plane being smashed by flak, which is described directly and piteously, we recognize that what makes *Catch-22* disturbing is this: The gags are a strained effort to articulate the imminence now of *anyone's* death by violence, and it is just this that makes it impossible to "describe war" in traditional literary ways. Despite the running gags, the telltale

"Say something in mundane."

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quality of *Catch-22* is that it doesn't move; it can't. The buried-alive feeling of being caught in a plane under attack, of seeing one's partner eviscerated, produces total impotence, the feeling of being unable to move, to escape. And this horror-cold immobility is reproduced both in the static, self-conscious distortion of the gags and in the violence of the straight, "serious" passages.

> The forward bombardier would have liked to be a ball turret gunner. That was where he wanted to be if he had to be there at all, instead of hung out there in front like some goddamned cantilevered goldfish in some goddamn cantilevered goldfish bowl while the goddamn foul black towers of flak were bursting and booming and billowing all around and above and below him in a climbing, cracking, staggered, banging, phantasmagorical, cosmological wickedness that jarred and tossed and shivered, clattered and pierced, and threatened to annihilate them all in one splinter of a second in one vast flash of fire.

Thus, the urgent emotion in Heller's book is every individual's sense today of being directly in the line of fire, of being trapped, of war not as an affair of groups in which *we* may escape but as my and your nemesis. The psychology in *Catch-22* is that of a man being led forth to execution, of a gallows humor in which the rope around one's neck feels all too real. This sense of oneself not as a soldier in a large protective group but as an isolated wretch doomed to die *unaccountably* is more and more a feature of literature about World War II. It haunts all fiction by Jewish writers about the war, even novels that do not deal directly with the war, such as Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. More and more, every account of the holocaust turns into one man's war, one man's account of insupportable and inexplicable evil, into the fantasy of a world coming down on the single witness who is telling the story. There is no politics in our contemporary war novels, for it is impossible to posit any aim to destruction on such a scale as the thirty million who died in World War II. Destruction was wreaked on Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Dresden because the weapons were available, because these cities were on the timetable.

Kurt Vonnegut's books are haunted by the fact that he was an American prisoner of war in Dresden when the city, in the worst single episode of bombing during the war, was firebombed by the U.S. Army Air Corps. Vonnegut and other Allied prisoners were saved because they were being kept in a powerfully built slaughterhouse. Everything Vonnegut has written about this experience is "true" with the same preposterous irony; after the bombing was over, one of the Americans was tried and shot for "stealing" a teapot from amidst the rubble. All this has given *Slaughterhouse-Five, or the Children's Crusade* an impishly sentimental humor based on the sheer helplessness, the total ineffectuality, of *anyone* caught up in such a massacre. The novel starts on the pseudo-breezy, bitterly quiescent note of a man who cannot forget the terror, but at the same time cannot put it into a novel—and is not sure that anyone should.

> When I came home from the Second World War twenty-three years ago, I thought it would be easy for me to write about the destruction of Dresden, since all I would have to do would be to report what I had seen. And I thought, too, that it would be a masterpiece or at least make me a lot of money, since the subject was so big. . . .
>
> The book . . . is so short and jumbled and jangled . . . because there is nothing to say about a massacre. Everybody is supposed to be dead, to never say anything or want anything ever again. Everything is supposed to be very quiet after a massacre, and it always is, except for the birds.
>
> And what do the birds say? All there is to say about a massacre, things like, *"Poo-tee-weet."*

This belittling of his book is typical of Vonnegut's way of fading out on his subjects, of posing as the little man who can never do anything about things. Billy Pilgrim, the little businessman from Indianapolis who was another prisoner in Dresden, is a figure of entirely unreproachful innocence; he *never* knows what is happening to him, especially when he is taken off by some of Vonnegut's usual visitors from outer space. Yet, he is a solid, good citizen of Mid-America, able to succeed in business. Billy in wartime, as a prisoner of war, inspired the German guards to look at him "owlishly," to coo "calmingly. They had never dealt with Americans before, but they surely understood this general sort of freight. They knew that it was essentially a liquid which could be induced to flow slowly toward cooing and light."

Vonnegut is always at home with characters who are not with it in our kind of world, people whose total helplessness and inability to explain *anything* have indeed made them unworldly, extraterrestrial, open to mischief from outer space. Vonnegut's use of space fiction is always too droll for my taste, a boy's fantasy of more rational creatures than ourselves. Just as there is "nothing to say about a massacre," so there is nothing to explain or protest. The "Tralfamadorian" who takes Billy Pilgrim off explains con-

"For what cause? Must there always be a cause? Why can't people just give?"

descendingly that "Earthlings are the great explainers, explaining why this event is structured as it is, telling how other events may be achieved or avoided. I am a Tralfamadorian, seeing all time as you might see a stretch of the Rocky Mountains. All time is all time. It does not change. It does not lend itself to warnings and explanations. It simply *is*. . . . Only on Earth is there any talk of free will." In the same spirit, Vonnegut deprecates any attempt to see tragedy that day in the Dresden massacre. It is simply viewed as too much for all of us, whether to remember, record, or understand. Noting one horror after another, he likes to say with arch fatalism, "So it goes."

Vonnegut is at his best not in *Slaughterhouse-Five* but in such satires of the American scene as *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*. In these, his authentic bitterness at the souring of so many American hopes takes on the wildly comic quality natural to him. In *Slaughterhouse-Five* he seems, all too understandably, subdued by his material and plays it dumb. The book is short, loose, and somehow helpless. But Vonnegut's total horror of war has endeared him to the young, who find it hard to believe that even World War II had a purpose, and who see themselves as belonging to the universe at large rather than to the country that sends them to fight in Asia. Vonnegut's fixed social idea, especially in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, is a human vulnerability too innocent in the face of war to offer any political explanation or protest; Vonnegut's amiable self-deprecation finally becomes a picture of the whole human race. Thus, all evil is eliminated from

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Saturday Review

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Good News About the U.N.

Change for the better in the world will not happen by accident. Nor will it happen because national governments spontaneously take dramatic initiatives against their sovereign interests and for the human interest. It will happen only as enough people understand that their biggest need today is to protect their planetary habitat.

But the development of public understanding requires information. And the essential information isn't always readily available. Consider, for example, the lack of public information about one of the most important and promising events in recent months concerning the United Nations. We refer to the decision of the U.N. to move in the direction of reforming the U.N. Charter. This represents a possible beginning for the long overdue restructuring and strengthening of the United Nations.

At the time of the founding of the U.N. at San Francisco in 1945, it was generally recognized that the U.N. as then constituted was inadequate to meet fast-developing world needs. But attempts to design a stronger organization were blocked by those nations, including the U.S. and U.S.S.R., that resisted any fundamental challenge to unfettered national sovereignty. Advocates of a strong U.N. were successful, however, in persuading a majority of delegates to accept two provisions in the Charter that could lead to a later attempt to strengthen the Charter. One provision specified that a conference could be called for revising the Charter whenever two-thirds of the delegates wished to do so. The second provision specified that, if they failed to do so, the question of Charter review would come up automatically within ten years.

This was the situation in 1955, when the United States and the Soviet Union led the opposition to Charter review. The United States contended that a revision conference would have the effect of hurting the U.N. since various nations would try to make the U.N. weaker than it was. Proponents of a review conference argued that any prescription for an ill patient involved some risk that the medication might also be harmful, but that it was irresponsible to forgo the kind of treatment that was so clearly indicated.

Carlos P. Romulo—"spoke prophetically."

General Carlos P. Romulo, former President of the U.N. General Assembly and Foreign Minister of the Philippines, spoke prophetically about the widening of the arms race, areas of tension, the growing needs of the developing nations, and the predatory assault on the Earth's resources. These problems, he said, required adequate world authority.

Since 1955, when Charter review was defeated, the United Nations has not been in a position to prevent or deal effectively with wars and threats of wars in Vietnam, the Middle East, Biafra, the Sudan, and Goa. It has not been able to put an end to the volatile arms race. Nations making nuclear weapons have continued to do so, even though most of the other nations have agreed to forgo pursuit of nuclear power on the assurance that the United States and Soviet Union would seriously undertake negotiations looking to cessation of manufacture and reduction of existing nuclear stockpiles. Between them, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have accumulated some twenty tons of destructive force, in dynamite equivalents, for every person on the globe.

When the U.N. General Assembly met last fall, statesmen from different nations expressed concern about growing public skepticism throughout the world toward the U.N. Belief in the overriding need for world organization was as strong as ever, it was pointed out, but people were becoming disillusioned over the inability of the U.N. to cope with the principal problems of our time. Eight governments—the Philippines, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, Colombia, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Haiti—led the fight to reopen the question of Charter review. Once again General Romulo spoke eloquently and persuasively about the dominant challenges before the U.N. and gave nine examples of ways in which the world body could be strengthened. In effect, the changes he sought would make the U.N. an effective third party in peace negotiations such as are now going on in Paris; would upgrade the entire U.N. peace-keeping capability by providing specific machinery for peaceful settlement and agreement; would suspend the veto in the Security Council in matters of *common* world concern; would empower the World Court of Justice to decide cases even if the governments involved were unwilling to bring these cases before the body; and would strengthen the Human Rights Commission and the Economic and Social Council.

These changes, to be sure, do not add up to a federated United Nations with authority to make and invoke

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Letters to the Editor

A Friend in Need

IN THE January 31, 1970, issue of *SR*, there appeared a letter to the editor from Miss Jeanne Gueydan of Walker, Louisiana, who requested a refund of the subscription price for *SR*. (The subscription had been sent to her by her doctor as a Christmas present; however, because of her heavy medical expenses, she felt she could put the money to more pressing use.) *SR* kindly refunded the money and also continued to send her the magazine.

I began a correspondence with Miss Gueydan through the item in *SR*, and now I am sorry to report that the 1962 cancer has recurred in her. She has to go to a county hospital in New Orleans for X-ray therapy. . . .

She continues to enjoy the magazine, even though much time is taken up with therapy, etc. She worked hard for the Red Cross for forty years but did not come under Social Security or any retirement plan, which seems a shame. To lack medical supplies for the type of care (and after-care) she requires is pretty rough in affluent America.

She has a hard time getting transportation since the local welfare people do not furnish anything more than mere subsistence, from what I can find out. She lives in a small town away from all medical centers that could help her, even in the stage she is in.

MARGARET M. JOHNSON,
Eugene, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors of* SR *are happy to endorse the suggestion for financial assistance to Miss Gueydan, as implied in Miss Johnson's letter.*

Cancer Re$earch

DR. HOWARD E. SKIPPER'S appraisal in "What's Happening in Cancer Research" [*SR*, Jan. 16] is a lucid and encouraging prognosis for the future of this dread disease. But how sad, in this the most affluent society on the face of the Earth, that the good doctor saw fit to insert an appeal to "private citizens" for a continuation of his research program.

It is a scandal and a disgrace that there even need be an American Cancer Society soliciting and begging for funds in this vital area of research to eliminate the scourge of cancer.

If all we need is money to effect a cure, we seemingly have an endless supply of that commodity, as witness the billions that are poured into unpopular wars.

MAX POSCHIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors of* SR *are happy to note also the request to Congress by President Nixon for $100-million toward the fight against cancer, as proposed in his recent State of the Union Message.*

The Sexes: Where It's At

CONCERNING the interesting and entertaining article "The Sexes: Getting It All Together" by Faubion Bowers [*SR*, Jan. 9]: Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his *Journal* in 1843, "The finest people marry the two sexes in their own person. Hermaphrodite is then the symbol of the finished Soul."

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM,
Chanute, Kan.

FAUBION BOWERS'S recent article was most amusing until he wrote: "Marcia Davenport in her otherwise tell-all autobiography, *Too Strong for Fantasy*, managed to omit any reference to either her husband or her father."

The author's last name is her married name, and there are twenty-six references in the index to pages where Mr. Davenport is mentioned. As to Mrs. Davenport's father, there are four references. The last explains why there are not more: " . . . not even my father whom I almost do not remember at all. I do not know the sequence or the time or the reasons for his elimination from my mother's life and thus from mine."

PHILIP M. WOOLWORTH,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand how Faubion Bowers could have written that long and incisive article on "The Sexes" without once mentioning the great equalizer—contraception. The common availability of inexpensive and reliable contraceptives is the technological foundation for the current changes in all male-female relationships.

Our system of laws, religious and moral values, and social customs have been based on the assumption that coitus normally results in pregnancy. Distinction by clothing and manners, and physical segregation except for married couples, was essential. Intimacy was too dangerous. Now men and women engage in sex with equal impunity; they are sexually equal.

Soon women will realize that under the present system they are not merely equal but superior. Procreation is now at the female's choice. The power of female over male can be expected to rise until a technology of asexual procreation is developed.

Shades of Aldous Huxley and *Brave New World*. Shades, too, of Marshall McLuhan. Contraception is a "medium," a technology. One of its "messages" is sexual equality and a "unisex" society. McLuhan has told us that the social effects of technology are often hard to predict. In this case, much of the implication is plain to see.

TED ISAACS,
Cincinnati, O.

On the Right Track

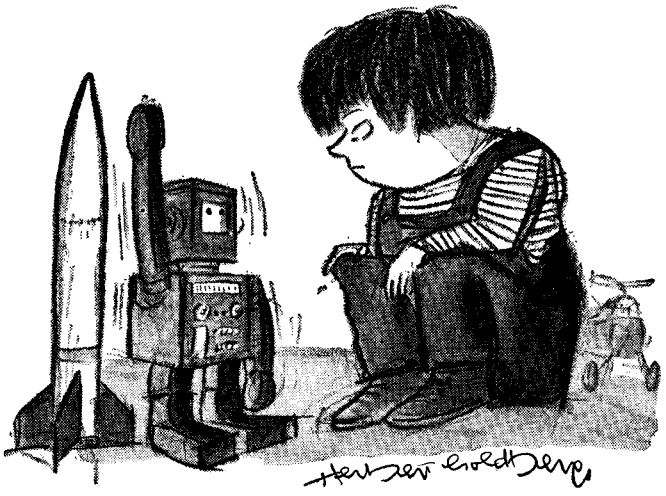
GOOD FOR YOU, David Butwin, sticking up for the railroads in the three-part series "On the Track" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Jan. 9, 16, & 23].

How could the Penn Central actually go bankrupt in one of the most populated corridors in the world? Given that Americans are addicted to private automobiles, it is no joy to drive from Washington to New York on the New Jersey Turnpike. The roadbeds from D. C. to Boston are there. A little expenditure—maybe a fraction of what we spent on the space program—should get us to and from our population centers by high-speed rail faster than we are moved now.

Even the celebrated Metroliner run has unnecessary kinks: no interchangeability of credit cards, no downtown ticket offices, poor food, few real amenities that airlines have long since run out of providing.

There is a great future for the rails as we approach the 300-million mark, but it will take more than private ownership of the rails to provide it. Little did Norman Thomas realize that population growth would drive thousands upon thousands of affluent Republicans into a fighting mad espousal of a nationalized rail system.

FRANKLIN WALLICK,
Editor, *UAW Washington Report*,
Washington, D.C.



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Even when you've blown a fuse,
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You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly working to provide reliable telephone service.

So if a blown fuse does leave you temporarily in the dark, you can at least call somebody about it.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Charge of the Flight Brigade

THE RECENT AIRLINE practice of charging for the earphones to listen to movies is just another step toward a bold new era. Let's look ahead to 1980 when the SSTs are winging their way to Europe in two hours. And let's suppose that you ask the stewardess for a pillow.

Stewardess: Would you like the basic utility pillow for 50 cents or the de luxe pillow that plays "Rockabye Baby" and "Mr. Sandman" for $1?

You: Never mind—I think I'll read. What magazines do you have?

Stewardess: Well, we have *American Girl* at 50 cents an hour. Unfortunately, all the other magazines have been taken.

You: Isn't there anything to read that's free?

Stewardess: We do have extra copies of our employee magazine. There's an exciting new article in it that tells how passengers are now going to have a choice on seating.

You: What's so new about that?

Stewardess: I should have said "sitting." You see—for the standard fare passengers will be able to stand, using hand straps for a small additional charge. Seats will be scaled from $15 to $28 extra per trip, depending on destination and upholstery.

You: Now, listen, Miss—you can tell your company to take their seats and—

Captain (on the intercom): Ladies and gentlemen, this is an emergency. Please be calm. We are losing altitude fast, and we are about to ditch in the ocean. We are well equipped with safety gear, however, so there is no cause for alarm. The stewardess will pass among you to collect the $5 life vest fee. And one last word—all major credit cards will be honored.

—B. G. MCCABE.

The Odds Are with It

ONE OF OUR more cherished and unchallenged assumptions about the physical nature of the universe (or at least our small part of it) is that no two snowflakes can be identical. As children we have all run through new-falling snow catching snowflakes on the hairs of our woolen mittens and have *seen* the infinite variety. We have heard mathematicians express the colossal permutations possible with a six-sided figure whose every property (except its crystal structure) is variable. And about snowflakes even such substantial and hallowed institutions as the *National Geographic* say things like: "Among all the countless hosts that fall from heaven, no two with exactly the same size, pattern, and number of water molecules have ever been found." As if all that countless host had been examined!

Actually, the possibilities of snowflake duplication are as infinite as are the possibilities of there being any one snowflake at all; the possibilities of difference have nothing to do with the shaping process itself. Scientifically speaking, *every* snowflake *could be* identical, just as *every* toss of the coin *could* come up heads. The whole point is that there is no physical force, law, theorem, necessity, or what-have-you that prevents the duplication of snowflakes. Nothing is up there checking out snowflakes for dissimilarity. Such being the case, the probability that some snowflakes are identical is terrific. One can easily imagine exact twins, triplets, and quadruplets (if not dozens) of exact replicas.

And just because snowflake watchers, official and unofficial, have never seen two flakes exactly alike signifies nothing. Dr. Vincent J. Schaefer, the noted snowflake expert, has calculated that in a ten-inch snowfall on a two-foot square there will be more than a million snowflakes. It is likely that there are more snowflakes by far in that small mound than have altogether been examined by the experts since the famed Wilson A. ("Snowflake") Bentley began photographing them in Jericho, Vermont, in 1885. In fifty years of intensive investigation, "Snowflake" Bentley left 2,000 photographs of the crystals as his still honored and much used testament, hardly the makings of a good snowball. Why, we've barely looked at snowflakes at all.

No. There certainly can be exactly similar snowflakes, and as long as there are snowfalls, the probability increases that there *are* identical snowflakes. Indeed, right now on some snow-high alp or on the eastern slope of a Himalayan giant may be floating down to earth the perfect brother of that flake melting on the tip of your nose.

—BARRY TARGAN.

Book Designers Are a Pain in the Neck

THE TITLE is intended to be taken literally. On my top bookshelf, facing me as I write, there are twenty-four books. On five of them, the titles and names of authors are printed horizontally across the spine so that you can read them without doing calisthenics. On the other nineteen, the titles and names of authors are printed vertically, from the top down. You cannot read them without standing up and twisting your neck at least forty-five degrees clockwise.

It all began in World War II, with paper rationing. Paper was less bulky, spines of books were thinner. When the cold war succeeded the hot, paper did become available in all grades, but at much higher prices than back in the Thirties, when a title running down the spine was a designer's whimsey. So the bulk of most books remained narrow. At the same time, with the inexorable spread of gobbledygook, the words in book titles became longer. Nothing for it but to print titles on the spines so that they could be read only when the books were lying face up on coffee tables.

Now this introduces an oddity. The British, faced with the same problem, print the titles on the spines in the reverse direction to ours, starting from the bottom. Place an English book on the coffee table face up and you must stand on your head to read the spine.

Where this will lead is unpredictable. To the abolition of bookshelves, the scattering of books higgledy-piggledy over the tables and floors? Certainly not to the abolition of coffee.

—GEORGE STEVENS.

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David and the Philistines: Israel's Fight for Survival

by DAVID SCHOENBRUN

DAVID'S SLING, by Shimon Peres *(Random House, 322 pp., $8.95)*; **THE MAKING OF ISRAEL'S ARMY, by Yigal Allon** *(Universe Books, 273 pp., $8.95)*; **SHIELD OF DAVID: The Story of Israel's Armed Forces, by Yigal Allon** *(Random House, 272 pp., $15)*; **THE CURSED BLESSING: The Story of Israel's Occupation of the West Bank, by Shabtai Teveth, translated from the Hebrew by Myra Bank** *(Random House, 373 pp., $8.95)*; **MOSCOW AND JERUSALEM: Twenty Years of Relations Between Israel and the Soviet Union, by Avigdor Dagan** *(Abelard-Schuman, 255 pp., $6.95)*

If there is any one characteristic that has been shared through history by the diverse peoples of Western civilization, Greek or Roman, Jew or Christian, it is the adulation of the hero—the quintessential projection of individualism, the god-man striving alone against overwhelming odds, triumphing on the brink of tragedy, conquering the seemingly unconquerable. Of all the heroes of history and literature, there is one who stands out, immortalized in the greatest book ever written, the hero-type *par excellence*: David, the beardless youth who slew the shaggy giant Goliath.

The little land of Israel is today's David among nations, surrounded by Philistines obsessed with hate and championed by one of the world's Goliath powers. Israel's Arab neighbors outnumber David's descendants by thirty-three to one, as Israeli leader Shimon Peres points out in his well-documented, brilliantly argued, and sensitively written account of the arming of Israel, *David's Sling*. There are fewer than two and a half million Jews in Israel, whereas the populations of the seven Arab states surrounding it—Lebanon, Syria, and Iraq in the north, Jordan in the east, Egypt, Yemen, and Saudi Arabia in the south—total eighty million.

Israel's territory at the end of the War of Independence in 1948 was 20,250 sq.kms., as against an enormous 3,997,000 sq.kms. for the Arab countries. The Arabs today can mobilize a half-million troops—double the size of the army of Israel, with triple the number of planes, guns, and missiles. The modern David is again a lonely youth confronted with a formidable antagonist.

Yet David has three times faced the Philistines and three times brought them down. The world has marveled, and talked of new miracles in the Holy Land. Even the most perceptive and expert military observers have been bewildered by Israel's victories. General Yigal Allon, deputy premier of Israel and one of her most successful field commanders, cites in *The Making of Israel's Army* the bafflement of Britain's military analyst Colonel Robert Henriques at the unorthodox military behavior of the Israelis. Henriques wrote:

> . . . there is very little discipline in the normal sense. Officers are often called by their first names amongst the men . . . there is very little saluting; there are a lot of unshaven chins; there are no outward signs of respect for superiors; there is no word in Hebrew for "sir." A soldier genuinely feels himself to be the equal of his officer—indeed of any officer—yet in battle he accepts military authority without question. I cannot explain, I cannot begin to understand, how or why it works. All my own military experience in the British and American armies has taught me that first-class discipline in battle depends on good disci-

DAVID SCHOENBRUN, author and foreign correspondent, covered the Jewish resistance to the British Mandate and the wars of 1948 and 1956. During his many reporting trips to Israel over the past twenty-five years he has interviewed the authors of the books discussed here.

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pline in barracks. Israel's army seems to refute that lesson.

The answer is simple enough. Israel's army is fighting for the survival of its nation. It is not an expeditionary force. (Americans can learn from the case of Israel how it is that black-pajamaed Vietnamese, outnumbered, outgunned, have withstood the might of the world's greatest power. One man fighting for his own home and his country's survival is worth a hundred, a thousand foreign troops.)

There is another answer I might offer, out of the lore of Jewish folk humor. It is a story I heard often as a soldier in World War II, a favorite, typically self-deprecating joke.

Private Goldberg was the worst soldier in his company. He did not know his right foot from his left. His uniform always had buttons missing; he saluted sloppily, when he remembered to salute. No punishment, no discipline could make him shape up. His sergeant was desperate when the company was chosen to lead off in the regimental parade. He sought out a Jewish sergeant in another regiment, told him his problem, and begged him to try to do something with Private Goldberg. "We have only two days left before the parade," he pleaded.

The day of the parade arrived, and Goldberg's sergeant could not believe his eyes. Goldberg's uniform was pressed to a crease that could have cut an apple. His buttons shone like miniature suns. Goldberg snapped off a salute sharp and brisk as a West Point honor guard's. The amazed sergeant got hold of his Jewish friend in the other regiment. "My God, it's a miracle. What did you do to this man?" The Jewish sergeant shrugged and said, "It was nothing, really. I just gave him a rifle and told him, 'Here, you're in business for yourself.' "

This is a very Jewish story, revealing an insight the Jews have into their own personality, shaped by 2,000 years of precarious living in many lands. The key to Jewish survival is self-reliance within the context of group solidarity. It is this twin relationship of two seemingly opposite characteristics—a fierce individualism and a dedicated sense of collective destiny—that explains the survival of the Jews and of the State of Israel.

General Allon was one of the founders of the Jewish "strike-force," the Palmach, under the British Mandate; he was its first field commander in 1945, then successively commander of the Northern, Central, and Southern fronts in the War of Independence in 1948 and the Sinai campaign in 1956. In the "author's note" that opens his remarkable book, *Shield of David: The Story of Israel's Armed Forces*, he writes: "What suddenly endowed the Jewish people—traditionally nonmartial—with such impressive military skills? What is the secret of the prowess of Israeli soldiers, airmen and sailors? The answer, of course, is that nothing happens 'suddenly'; that the modern story of Jewish self-defense in the land of Israel dates back some eighty years, and is the result of the commitment and dedication to national survival of many men and women—most of whom, seeking no publicity, received none."

Allon begins his story with the founders of Bar Giora and Hashomer, two Jewish self-defense leagues created at the turn of the twentieth century by Zionist immigrants in Palestine, "people who deeply understood that inherent in self-defense was self-reliance." They were not only self-reliant individualists, they were also committed socialists, "flexible enough to accept, and to insist upon, the idea of self-determination of nations; they were revolutionaries, able to dedicate themselves to the twin goals of social and economic equality and the brotherhood of man, on the one hand, and to the realization of an ancient and romantic dream, which had nothing at all to do with class warfare, on the other."

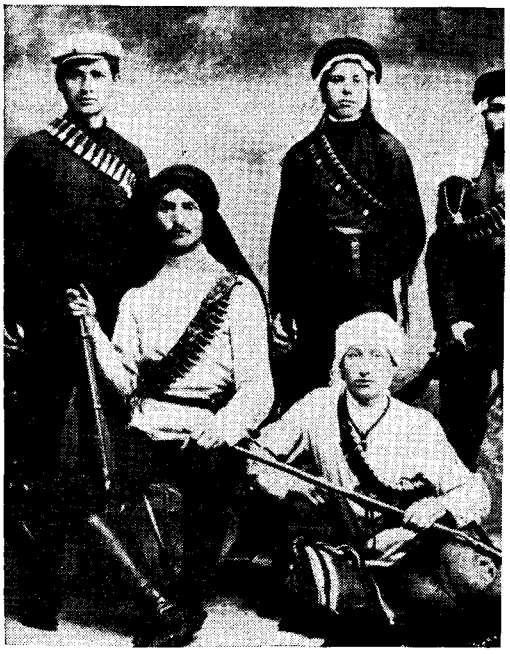
The father of Israeli self-defense was a pioneer from Russia, Israel Shochat, who was distressed to see Jewish farmers hiring Arab laborers instead of working the soil themselves, and employing a small, professional group of mercenaries, the Circassians, as watchmen and guards on their farms. Shochat and some of his fellow immigrants formed a self-reliance unit to serve as guards, on condition that Jewish farmers and their families till their own soil and do their own labor. They named their group "Bar Giora," in memory of a famous Jewish fighter against the Romans in the rebellion of A.D. 70. The group developed into a larger, coordinated self-defense organization to integrate the settlements, called "Hashomer"—the Watchman. Its credo: "The inculcation of personal responsibility, vigilance and readiness for sacrifice; the equation of hard work with military training, of military ability with the maintenance of high personal moral standards. . . ."

In the Thirties and Forties Hashomer became the national military organization Haganah, which carried out the Jewish resistance to the British Mandate. Finally there emerged the Israel Army, which has made military history and set new styles in tactics, strategy, and procurement of matériel that have astounded the world's military experts.

The story of this evolution of a true citizens' army, composed of trained men and women aged eighteen to fifty-five, is one of civilization's great sagas. It is told simply, with no conscious dramatizing, in Allon's *The Making of Israel's Army* and *Shield of David* and Peres's *David's Sling*.

Allon's two books, which overlap, seem to have been written for different audiences. The first, intended for advanced students and specialists, devotes one chapter to the pioneering prehistory of the State of Israel, then goes directly into the three wars, detailing tactics and strategy. The second half contains an invaluable collection of official documents, staff orders, and commanders' memoranda, raw material for historians. *Shield of David* is aimed at a general audience—one suspects a Jewish audience in the United States, to give American Jews a better idea of their heritage. Emphasis is on the pioneering history of Zionism and its romance and glory rather than the specialized techniques of Israel's defense. Handsomely printed and illustrated with superb color pictures, the book, I would guess, is destined to enjoy success as a bar mitzvah gift.

Of all the works on the Middle East struggle in general, and the Israeli view of it in particular, the most comprehensive, lucid, objective, and sophisticated is *David's Sling*, by Shimon Peres. The only fault of the book is its delimiting title, for, although it is the first authoritative account of how Israel overcame innumerable obstacles to arm itself, written by the chief architect himself, Peres goes far beyond that story, offering a well-articulated, closely reasoned analysis of the nature of the struggle. He un-



Early members of Hashomer, which became the Haganah —"readiness for sacrifice."

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—Photos from "Shield of David: The Story of Israel's Armed Forces"

Paratroopers in the Old City of Jerusalem on June 7, 1967—"What is the secret of the prowess of Israeli soldiers, airmen and sailors?"

derstands the Arabs and, in common with most Israelis, has deep compassion for the Arab peoples and a longing for friendship and cooperation with them. Like the majority of Jewish leaders, Peres is a sensitive intellectual, not merely a military man, and he writes glowingly of his dream of establishing a great university system in Israel to serve the entire Middle East and, indeed, the world.

Peres naturally resents France's betrayal of many promises made to Israel, but he reconfirms Israel's debt to France for its first major arms program, without which Israel might have gone down under the weight of Egyptian numbers and Soviet weapons in 1956. The bewildering twists of power politics, which have stiffened Israel's determination to be self-reliant, are succinctly described in his chapter on Washington.

> The story of America's refusal, until fairly recently, to help Israel achieve an arms balance seems almost as unreal today as the account of France's generous response to Israel's arms pleas up to the Six-Day War. The unreserved friendship of Paris and the restraining hesitations of Washington now read like forgotten chapters of a distant past. . . . The interests of Israel demand—as they always have and always will—that she not be dependent on a single source of arms supply, for she may find herself the victim of a change in attitude by the supplying country.

Peres insists that self-reliance is the motivation for Israel's setting up her own arms production arsenals. Remarkably successful in so doing, Israel has become an important designer and exporter of arms, notably the extraordinary Uzi submachine gun, which has been sold to a number of NATO countries. Israel hopes soon to be able to manufacture most of its own arms, including jet planes.

Peres is cautious, and perhaps deliberately ambiguous, in his references to Israel's potential for developing atomic weapons. That Israel can rapidly become an atomic power has been affirmed by major specialists; but, as of now, she does not officially favor the construction of nuclear weapons. Nevertheless, it is clear that she can and if necessary will do whatever is needed to prevent her own destruction even if it means taking all would-be conquerors to Armageddon with her.

Those who charge Israel with expansionism confuse self-defense with aggression. Whenever I hear these absurd charges, I think of the sign in the Paris Zoo: "This animal is vicious; if attacked, it will defend itself." Egypt, Jordan, and Syria, and their backer the USSR, are the aggressive and expansionist powers, Peres charges. "In the last twenty years there have been seven wars in the Middle East, four of them among the Arabs themselves, and three between Israel and Egypt." He adds: "Furthermore, apart from these full-scale Arab wars and border incidents, there have been some twenty revolutions in the Arab states, almost all of them the acts of army officers . . . accompanied by bloodshed, cruelty and destruction. These revolutions catapulted Arab policy from an extreme position to an even more acute extremism."

Peres notes the intransigent nature of today's Arab governments, as do most Israeli leaders, more in sorrow than in anger, but, despite their present antagonism, he does not lack hope for reconciliation. "Régimes change more frequently than nations, and the Arabs have known more enlightened régimes in the past. There is no doubt that far-reaching social change is already knocking on the historic door of the Arabs, and if indeed there is such change, the destiny of the region will be completely transformed. It may be the absence of stability which will produce change, and therein lies also the hope of a different kind of future for Arab-Israel relations." Meanwhile, "Israel feels rather like a state planted in an international suburb which is torn by constant disturbances, a suburb in which neither law nor order, logic nor peace, plays any role in the life of its inhabitants."

In his chapter on Israel and the Arab world Peres deals with the opportunities offered by the close relationship between Israelis and Arabs in the Israeli-occupied West Bank lands since the Six-Day War. "This challenge is the million Arabs within Israel's cease-fire lines, living with the citizens of Israel under a single governmental authority without a hostile Arab government dividing the two. Can we live together in peace? Such united existence would create a new reality."

Peres's optimism is shared by his close friend and ally in the Rafi wing of the Labor Party, General Moshe Dayan. The prospects are examined closely and realistically by Israel's outstanding journalist, Shabtai Teveth of the newsaper *Ha'Aretz*, in a thoroughly professional, well-documented book, *The Cursed Blessing: The Story of Israel's Occupation of the West Bank.* In his foreword Teveth states:

> . . . the war also contained within it a seed which may bud into peace, by creating the physical conditions for a dialogue between Israel and her immediate neighbors. For the first time in twenty years, it has made possible a living and direct contact between Israeli Jews and their neighbors across the cease-fire borders, the Arabs of Sinai, the Gaza Strip, the West Bank and the Syrian Heights. . . .
>
> To lay the ground for peace and understanding between enemies, under the conditions of a military government and in the midst of war, is like attempting to establish conditions of paradise in hell.

Yet, Teveth asserts, this is exactly what Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, an Arabic-speaking *sabra*, has been trying to do for the past three years, with enough success to justify hopes for a better future.

Teveth does not gloss over Palestinian Arab hostility against Israel. He reports fully on the school strikes in the fall of 1967, when Arab leaders on the West Bank rebelled about Israeli-rewritten textbooks. He speaks frankly of the split inside the Jerusalem Cabinet, with Dayan opposing the late Prime Minister Eshkol and, subsequently, Labor Party Secretary-General Pinhas Sapir. Dayan sponsored a policy of "don't rule them, let them lead their own lives," while other Cabinet ministers advocated liberal re-

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forms of Arab society. Teveth reports, too, on the "war of girl pupils" in November 1968 and Dayan's decision to hold the parents responsible for the students' acts of sabotage. Dayan told West Bank mayors that "Zahal [the Israeli Army] will handle El Fatah—and you, the rebellious young ladies," for the Military Government "was not prepared to fight girls."

Dayan is no less an Israeli, no less a dedicated, passionate Jew, than his colleagues in the Cabinet; but, more than most of them, he is a son of the land, a part of historic Palestine, insisting upon the closest coexistence of Jew and Arab. As Teveth explains, a man like Sapir would, if possible, "have dug a moat the length of Israel's borders to separate and remove it from its environment in the Middle East. Dayan envisaged a multidimensional state." Dayan seeks the creation of integrated economic units across different political lines. He can foresee a blurring of lines: the creation, for example, of an Arab-Israeli Confederation of the West Bank, in which the Arabs would work in the context of the Israeli economy but be citizens either of Jordan or of their own Palestinian state.

Teveth's book is the first candid, authoritative report on what has been happening on the West Bank and in the behind-the-scenes disputes inside Israel over policy. It offers hope—without illusion but with a remarkably unresentful appreciation of reality. Teveth ends his report by recounting the successful efforts of Israeli doctors to save the life of West Bank Arab leader Kamal Yasin, near death from a kidney ailment that had been improperly treated in Lebanon. He describes the outpourings of thanks from Arab notables and their blessings on the Jewish doctors and nurses. Then he tells of sitting in a café and listening to its radio play the latest song hit from Amman, "To Kill the Jews."

Of all the paradoxes with which they have been confronted, none is more disturbing to Israelis than the fluctuation in the policy of the USSR. Outside of America, the biggest Jewish population in the world, totaling three million, is in the Soviet Union. Many of the founders of Israel were of Russian-Jewish origin, as are many of its present-day leaders. There is a highly charged ambivalence between Israelis and Russians. It is all the more noteworthy, therefore, to find a book on Soviet-Israeli relations written without bitterness, indeed with a cool objectivity altogether admirable in a man who has himself been deeply involved in those oft-strained relationships.

Dr. Avigdor Dagan, a bright light of the Israeli diplomatic service since the foundation of the state, has twice been director of Israel's East European Department, and has served as Ambassador to Poland, Yugoslavia, and Norway. Foreign Minister Abba Eban wrote a preface for *Moscow and Jerusalem*, and granted the author permission to use important documents never before published. The book, which will be invaluable to scholars, is also enlightening for general readers.

The author begins by asking the questions that many have puzzled over for years. Why did the Soviet Union, in 1947, abandon traditional anti-Zionism and suddenly support the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine? When and why did the Soviets turn against Israel, supporting Arab states they had previously denounced? Is the Soviet pro-Arab policy now fixed, or are further changes possible?

Dr. Dagan dismisses speculation about Soviet sympathy for the survivors of the Jewish Holocaust, or displeasure with Arab nationalist movements that were largely pro-Nazi during World War II. He insists that no such sentimental or ideological ideas govern Soviet policy, citing the late Czech Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk, who told him, "Soviet policy is 90 per cent tactics and only 10 per cent ideology."

The reasons for early Soviet support of Israel, according to Dagan, were threefold:

1. Soviet *Drang nach Westen* and hope to penetrate into the Mediterranean area.
2. The Soviet's belief in the necessity to eliminate Great Britain, the strongest Western power at that time, from the area.
3. The Soviet's negative assessment of the usefulness of the Arab countries in this effort, and the erroneous evaluation of the Jews' readiness to fight, after the establishment of the State of Israel, for anything but the interests of the new state.

Russia's main intention from the start, Dagan asserts, "was anti-American and anti-Western, not pro-Israel."

The main thrust of Soviet policy, to penetrate the Mediterranean and the Middle East, never changed. In 1947 and in the war of 1948 that policy was best served by backing the progressive, nonaligned forces of Israel against the British and their Arab puppets, Jordan and Egypt. That this was not support for political Zionism was made clear in 1948 in the notorious Soviet attack on Zionism and warning to Israel not to interfere in questions concerning Soviet Jewry, an attack contained in a *Pravda* article by Ilya Ehrenburg following enthusiastic demonstrations by Soviet Jews for Golda Meir when she arrived in Moscow as the first Israeli Ambassador. Nevertheless, the Soviets continued to support Israel in the U.N.

Dagan documents the evolution of

"Times must be getting harder. These are the guys we were robbing from last year!"

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policy through the infamous anti-Semitic Czech trials and the Allied Tripartite Declaration, which exacerbated frictions, to an open breach at the outbreak of the Korean War, when Israel was "the only Middle East country (except for Turkey, a member of NATO) that gave a positive answer" to the Security Council's call for help against aggression.

Russia was trying then to save the unity of the communist world and avoid a split with Chinese extremists. Moscow interpreted Israel's support of the Security Council appeal as going "over openly to the side of the American aggressors." The final rift came in March 1954, when the Soviet delegate, in his first open, strongly anti-Israel and pro-Arab move, vetoed a draft resolution condemning Egypt for barring Israeli shipping from the Suez Canal and interfering with shipping at the Israeli port of Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba. Dagan calls the Soviet veto "the point of no return" for Soviet policy in the Middle East.

All during this period of cold war and shifting positions, from 1947-54, new forces—pro-Communist or anti-Western revolutions—were arising in the Arab world from Algeria to Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. Meanwhile, in Soviet eyes, Israel seemed to be emerging as a capitalist and pro-Western rather than socialist, neutralist state. In terms of Russia's *Drang nach Westen* it appeared tactically more suitable for Russia to shift its support from the Jews to the Arabs. Dr. Dagan's thesis is not original, but his expert documentation and analysis give it new strength.

Dr. Dagan is soberly optimistic about the future. He believes the Russians have been sharply disappointed in the performance of their Arab clients, and that in the Six-Day War the Arabs learned not to count on Soviet support beyond arms and instructors. He believes, too, that despite its hesitations the United States would not stand by and let the USSR take over the Middle East, and that Moscow knows it and does not seek such an ultimate confrontation. In addition, Russia's loss of ground inside the world communist camp and the growing strength of China impel it "to mend its fences with the West and particularly with the United States."

The author ends his book with the questions we are all anxiously pondering: Does the Soviet Union cherish logic? Will the United States show sufficient firmness in its stand to force the Russians' thinking in this direction? The answers, Dr. Dagan writes, "will determine much more than the future of relations between Moscow and Jerusalem."

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

False Authoritarianism

ZENA SUTHERLAND CAN NEARLY always be depended upon to give us discerning reviews of children's books. I wish she would take another look at *The Creation*, a picture book illustrating text from the Jerusalem Bible [*SR*, Jan. 23].

Jo Spier has indeed created pictures with charm, delicacy, and child-likeness, but I wonder at the wisdom of some of his concepts. For example, to illustrate "And let them be masters of all the wild beasts upon the earth" with an animal-tamer cracking his whip in a cage of trapped and docile lions seems particularly untimely.

What we need now is less of such false authoritarianism and more concern for the oneness of all life We need this especially in books for little children, or we will already have failed to remedy the awful mistakes we've made.

NANCY WATT,
Palm Springs, Calif.

Miss Porter's Stolen Right

WHEN BROM WEBER writes that *Ship of Fools* was "hurrahed" by a preponderance of reviewers, his remembrance is certainly in conflict with what was noted by Katherine Anne Porter herself, who was bitterly disappointed, but in another way, that her novel had been misread so completely. To paraphrase, she felt, and I have a personal letter to prove it, that she had fallen among thieves, who would take from her her integrity—her right, as one would say it now, to "do her thing."

Miss Porter's book still speaks for her, but I think she tried to give us a benchmark as to where humanity was at the opening of World War II, when religion had already lost its relevance but had not yet so lost it that people went to the Sunday swap meet instead.

WALTER SWANSON,
San Diego, Calif.

Contributions to War-in-Progress

STEVEN JERVIS BEGINS his review of Nwankwo and Ifejika's *Biafra* and Uwechue's *Reflections on the Nigerian Civil War* [*SR*, Jan. 16] by remarking: "Ended at last, the Nigerian war cries out for a historian; but passions still run high, and key information is inaccessible. For the moment we must rely on preliminary versions and fragments of the truth." The rest of his article is consonant with this initial statement. But it was a misleading way to have begun.

These are basically not new books, but reprints (with postscripts) of old ones. Both were published in London during the first half of 1969, the Nwankwo and Ifejika volume by C. Hurst and the Uwechue account by O.I.T.H. International Publishers. They were not intended to be detached analyses of a contest that ended a year ago, but instead partisan contributions to a struggle that was still going on. Everybody involved in the war in London knew that when the books first appeared.

Most of Jervis's criticisms of the books seem beside the point when their original contexts and purposes are taken into regard. Perhaps his complaints retain some validity, though, if they are addressed to the American publishers who did the reissuing.

MORRIS DAVIS,
Urbana, Ill.

In One Woman's Book

EDWIN FADIMAN, JR., MAY FIND Theodora Gray in Laura Hobson's *The Tenth Month* [*SR*, Jan. 16] "vital" and "interesting," but I would not want to know her counterpart, with her phony racial liberalism and her pride in not taking alimony—nothing of note; by most economic standards she is financially independent.

Why call this a Woman's Book? You are the one who is praising it, Mr. Fadiman. Jessamyn West's short story "Night Piece for Julia" from *Crimson Ramblers of the World, Farewell*, which *SR* noted so briefly Nov. 28, 1970, is more of a woman's story in a few words than the insipid ramblings of Laura Hobson, who had the premise of an excellent subject, but demolished it page by page.

ADELINE KRONE,
Ontario, Calif.

Unsupported Disappointment

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND why James Reston, Jr., thought Telford Taylor's *Nuremberg and Vietnam* [*SR*, Jan. 9] "disappointing"—a view he in no way supported in his discussion. All that the book really lacks is the explicit suggestion that we are duty bound to put General Westmoreland on trial; this thought was later put into words by Taylor on the Cavett show.

HOWARD N. MEYER,
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Moveable Feast

IN REVIEWING *Fourth Street East*, by Jerome Weidman [*SR*, Jan. 9], Richard Clarke Sterne says, "There is a false note even in "The Head of the Family." . . . Mr. Sterne had better watch his own false notes; "Moveable Feast" was written by Ernest Hemingway, *not* Weidman. . . . Tut-tut, Mr. Sterne.

EDNA H. FENSIN,
Miami Beach, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jerome Weidman's "Moveable Feast" originally appeared in The New Yorker in 1936 and was included in his short-story collection "The Horse That Could Whistle 'Dixie'" (1939).*

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE LA TOUR DU PIN

translated from the French and edited by Felice Harcourt

McCall, 468 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Wayne Andrews

■ "When someone writes a book," declared Henrietta-Lucy Dillon, Marquise de La Tour du Pin de Gouvernet, "it is generally with the intention that it shall be read either before or after their death. But I am not writing a book, and as you may wonder what this is, I must explain that it is simply a journal of my life." Her journal is worth reading: she was an aristocrat who knew how to get on when the world was turned upside down.

The daughter of an English army officer in the French service, she was married two years before the storming of the Bastille to the son of Louis XVI's future minister of war. The Revolution was a disappointment that she and her husband managed to digest. Running away from the Terror, they settled down in Troy, New York, where Henrietta-Lucy did her own ironing while waiting for Europe to cool off. Her husband, who surmised that Napoleon might be a quasi-permanent fixture, was one of the many nobles who rallied to the Empire. With his wife at his side, he became Napoleon's prefect in Brussels and Amiens. Later on he was to be Louis XVIII's minister to The Hague. There was a certain justice to this appointment: it was the post he had been given long before by Louis XVI.

"I have never pretended to be a woman of intellect," Henrietta-Lucy confessed. "I have only tried to use with wisdom the common sense which Providence has given me." Of this she had more than her share. "In summer I wore cotton stockings," she admitted when recalling her exile in the United States. "I only wore a gown or stays when I was going into town."

Clever people were a trial to her. Of Talleyrand, who came upon her cutting up a leg of mutton at her home in Troy, she remarked: "Worthless himself, he had a horror of wrongdoing in others." Madame de Staël, who was "always very carelessly and unsuitably dressed," made her uneasy. The Marquise, who made the mistake of telling Madame de Staël how much she loved her Marquis, was puzzled when this acquaintance broke out: "It seems to me that you love him as a lover."

Henrietta-Lucy apparently kept no diary and could not help making a slip or two when she came to write her memoirs. She mistook, for example, Massachusetts for Connecticut. This

—Courtesy of Comte Christian de Liedekierke Beaufort

Marquise de La Tour du Pin—she knew how to get on in an upside-down world.

error has been corrected by the editor, but a singular amount of misinformation remains. "The town of Albany," we are told, "had been almost entirely burned down as a result of a Negro plot." This is somewhat of an exaggeration. What appears to have happened is that Pomp, a black slave belonging to Matthias Fischer, set fire to the stables of Leonard Gansevoort in January 1794. Pomp was tried, found guilty, and hanged with two of his accomplices.

"Most readers know their way around the French Revolution," claims Peter Gay in the introduction, excusing the rather casual appearance of this edition. It is doubtful, however, that many readers have anywhere near his command of the subject, and Americans might have welcomed the touch of a scholar's hand. A conscientious editor would have set the Marquise right on the origins of the van Rensselaer family (her account is pure fiction), identified every member of the cast, and reminded us that Le Bouilh, her father-in-law's château near Bordeaux, was one of the masterpieces of the architect Victor Louis.

This is not the first time that the Marquise has been translated. Although nothing is said about it, there was another version by Walter Geer, published by Brentano's in 1920. May we hope that the next time Henrietta-Lucy appears in English she will be given the attention she deserves?

Wayne Andrews, who wrote "Germaine: The Portrait of Madame de Staël," teaches at Wayne State University.

BOSWELL IN EXTREMES 1776-1778

edited by Charles McC. Weis and Frederick A. Pottle

McGraw-Hill, 418 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert Halsband

■ A few statistics, first, to introduce this new Boswell volume to anybody whose memory needs refreshing:

The project, officially labeled The Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell, started in 1950 with the *London Journal* of 1762-1763. Of all his journal-segments this easily commands first place for its narrative design and brilliant texture—a mixed blessing, since the volume set a standard so high none of the succeeding segments can match it. It lifted the curtain on a first act that sparkled with excitement, and the second act—*Boswell in Holland*—seemed dismal by comparison. Then *Boswell on the Grand Tour*, in two installments, enlarged the scene and filled the stage again; it was full of interest and variety. *Boswell in Search of a Wife* continued the chronicle of his life after his return from his travels, and then *Boswell for the Defence* showed him practicing his legal profession. His journal of the Hebrides tour with Samuel Johnson recorded a diversion that helped to sustain him afterward. *The Ominous Years 1774-1776*, which preceded the present volume, was published slightly over seven years ago.

Nine volumes in twenty years, but only two in the last decade (not counting the Hebrides journal, reprinted from an earlier edition). Can it be that the slackening interest of the books in the series is reflected in the slackening speed of their publication?

Boswell in Extremes 1776-1778 is clumsily titled: he was always in extremes, and the phrase is confusingly close to *in extremis* (not until 1795 for him). For the two years covered by this volume the surviving journals are varied, ranging from dry summaries and jottings (mainly on Boswell's life in Scotland) to fuller and more finished portions (accounts of his visit to London and Ashbourne with Johnson). Where there are gaps the editors fill them from the manuscript draft of the *Life of Johnson*.

Geographically these journals fall into two almost equal halves—Boswell in Scotland and Boswell in London (and Ashbourne). "How unentertaining is the present tenor of my life," he laments while in Edinburgh, where he had family, friends, and profession. It was such a "negative existence" that he wondered whether his "dull, uninteresting journal" was worth the trou-

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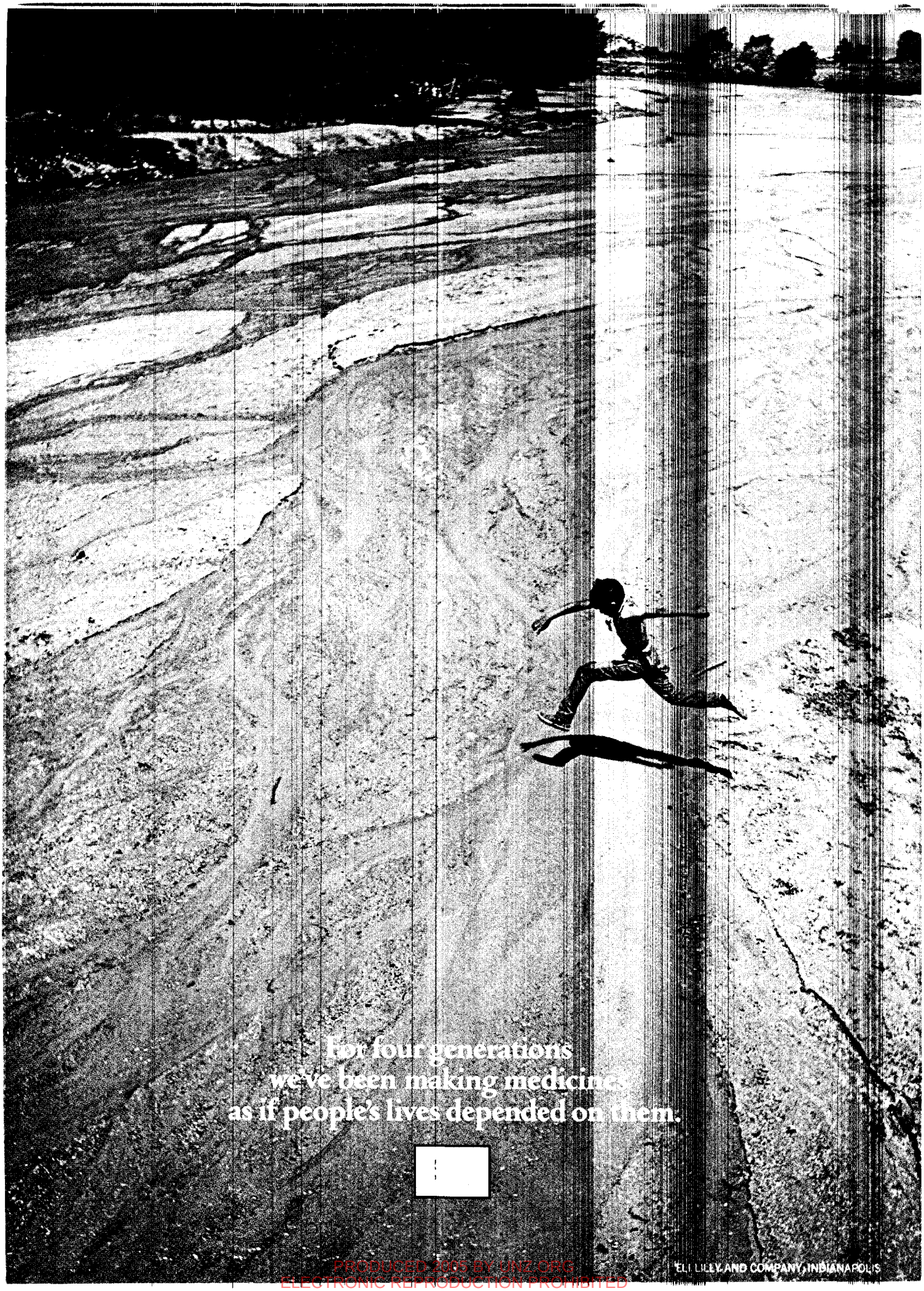
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as if people's lives depended on them.
ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

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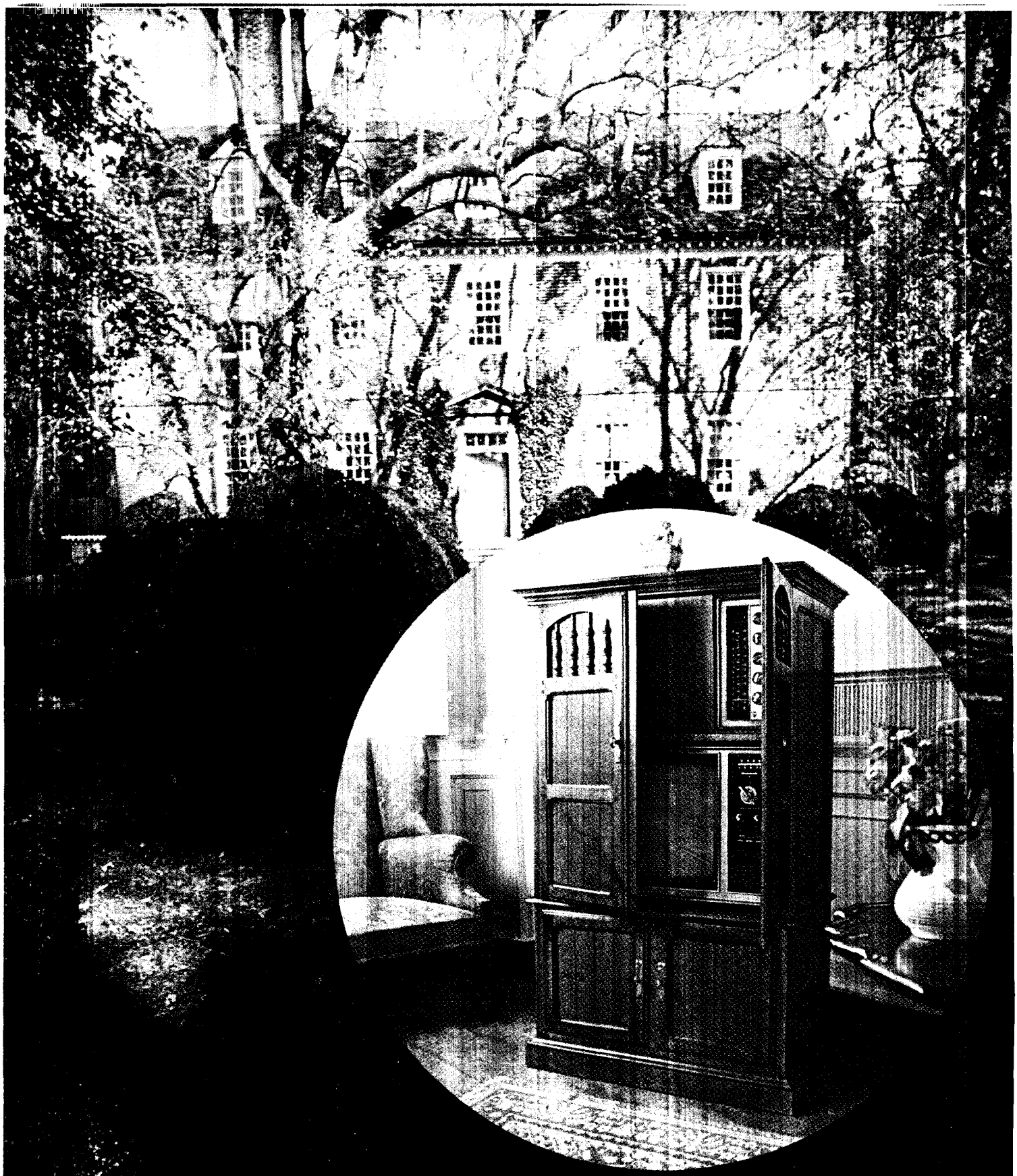

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ble of writing. Frequently it was. One scene that stands out is his conversation with his little daughter Veronica as he tries to instill in her "divine thoughts" about heaven and an afterlife. Charmingly naïve and affecting, it also makes a nice contrast to his interview with David Hume. During that agnostic philosopher's final days Boswell hoped to hear him recant his disbelief in a future life, but Hume—with a calm and cheerful temper—persisted in facing death and dissolution as a final end. It was Boswell who was disturbed. His obsessive preoccupation with death (connected with his volatile religious beliefs) runs like a leitmotif through his journals.

Unlike Scotland, London invigorated and brightened his mind; to go there, he declared, was like "going upon a pilgrimage to some sacred place." During his two months' visit, in the spring of 1778, he stayed at the house of his Corsican hero, General Paoli, and frequented Johnson, his other great hero, as much as he could. This section of the journals, while richest in interest and subject matter, suffers from the disadvantage of seeming to be secondhand because so much of it was dramatized and polished by Boswell to go into the *Life of Johnson*. It is useful, of course, for students of biography to see how he fills out and transforms his raw material; but any finished masterpiece, whether book or soufflé, is preferable to its separate ingredients.

At least Boswell will seem *relevant* to those who are alert to trends. What he would have thought of the Women's Lib movement can be seen in his conversation with Mrs. Knowles. She hoped that in the other world the sexes would be equal. "You are too ambitious," he replied. "We may as well desire to be angels."

The introduction and editing are of the high standards maintained since the beginning of the series. Occasionally, though, the footnotes are so pedantic that I wonder how the future Research Edition can be more thorough. (Two volumes of letters have so far appeared in that edition; the one on Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is particularly fascinating.) Perhaps it will also annotate the introduction to this book. I did not mind taking up my dictionary to find "asthenia" (medical) or "unclapperclawed" (archaic and dialect), but I am still baffled by the sentence about Boswell receiving political instruction from Edmund Burke: "He plays Schmuyle to Burke's Samuel Goldenberg." Will the Research Edition please explain that (in my lifetime)?

Robert Halsband has written widely on eighteenth-century culture.

THE LIVES OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS

by Harold C. Schonberg

Norton, 599 pp., $10

Reviewed by Milton Goldin

■ In 1951 a psychology professor at Stanford University named Paul Farnsworth submitted a questionnaire to members of the American Musicological Society, asking them to check off the names of those composers who wrote music "most worthy to be called to the attention of our children and our lay contemporaries." From the returns he compiled a list of composers in order of importance, beginning with Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms. I compared this with the Community Concerts programs for the 1951-52 season. Community's customers weren't exactly clamoring for Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*; their favorite composers were Chopin, Schubert, and Mozart, in that order, followed by twenty-two others.

Farnsworth looked for the thinking man's composers; I used commercial success as a measure of greatness, and now Harold C. Schonberg of *The New York Times* offers a critic's choice. Schonberg ends up with most of the same names, but he purposely limits his discussion to composers from Bach through the Second Viennese School of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. This, says Schonberg, is "not because there were no great composers before Bach, but because Bach is where the active repertoire really begins."

Now, "active repertoire" are key words here, and some of the composers included (for example, Gounod) are represented on modern programs by precious few works. No matter; Schonberg isn't so much interested in greatness *per se* as he is in trying "to humanize the great composers" for the "intelligent layman." This means writing about their outlook on love, money, and each other, as well as outlining their lives and the times in which they lived.

Schonberg is an indefatigable researcher. He may have gone a long way in this book to convince his readers that they are fortunate to know the great musicians in the spirit only, and not in the flesh. More than half of the book is devoted to Romantic composers, and all indications are that things got worse as the nineteenth century ground on. Hector Berlioz was merely in "constant trouble" with his wife, his colleagues, and his public. But Tchaikovsky's neuroses were "monumental" (when conducting he clutched his chin because he felt as though his head would fall off), and Mahler's neuroses "made Tchaikovsky's look healthy."

Many composers appear to have been almost divinely inspired to disturb men of stern moral outlook. Wagner seduced Mathilde Wesendonk, wife of the patron who helped pay for a festival of his music in 1853, and subsequently he sold Wesendonk part of the *Ring* to finance a trip to Paris. And in one of his major feats Wagner persuaded mad King Ludwig II to devote the resources of Bavaria to the construction of an opera house in Bayreuth where Wagner operas would be produced. It will come as no surprise to laymen that Richard Strauss, a Wagner disciple, liked "the sound of crisp money as much as the sound of crisp strings." Alas, the composer of *Ein Heldenleben* was also a henpecked husband.

Schonberg leaves little doubt that many of the great composers couldn't stand each other. Berlioz disliked Saint-Saëns, Saint-Saëns disliked Debussy, and Debussy disliked the piano music of Beethoven and the piano concertos of Mozart. Beethoven took a few lessons from Haydn and Mozart and was dissatisfied with both. Handel claimed his cook wrote better counterpoint than Gluck, Wolf detested Brahms, and Balakirev believed that Mussorgsky was "practically an idiot." Haydn and Liszt were among the few composers who were cordial to their colleagues.

While considering these antagonisms, the relatively openminded reader will be struck at once by the lack of virtue on all sides. Schonberg is no hero-wor-

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1436

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1436 will be found in the next issue.

YK AYV LF WVU OKTQ FUTVWZ

LW XKXVTQ FYVSIJ WVU XKJ-

JIK ALUY IQLWZ.

—XVWUELZWK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1435

I enjoy a good laugh—one that rushes out of a man's soul like the breaking up of a Sunday school.

—Josh Billings.

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shiper, either. He points out that the reason Mozart's early symphonies are seldom heard today is that they are nowhere nearly as good as his post-1781 products. Nor are most of his Mannheim symphonies, which are dredged up by chamber orchestras from time to time, of much interest. And the dance movements of Mahler symphonies do have a heavy sentimentality that only a devotee of the composer can enjoy.

Schonberg is amazed at how little of Handel's vast output, especially the oratorios and operas, is performed these days. But it isn't really so amazing; the prohibitive costs of choruses, orchestras, and soloists make these works too expensive to produce on this side of the Atlantic. And it is difficult to understand Schonberg's statement that Prokofiev's D-major violin sonata and G-minor violin concerto "do not wear well." The twentieth-century literature for the violin is sparse enough without knocking out two mainstays of the "active repertoires" of most virtuosi.

This is an entertaining and informative book filled with opinions and anecdotes not likely to be found in the pages of Grove's *Dictionary* or of *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart.* It is the book to hand your thirteen-year-old son if he asks, "Dad, what could Joe Namath, Franz Liszt, and Claude Debussy have in common?"

Milton Goldin is vice president of Oram Associates, Inc., and author of "The Music Merchants," which recently received an ASCAP-Deems Taylor award.

THE TALKING TREES AND OTHER STORIES

by Sean O'Faolain

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 279 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John W. Hughes

■ Sean O'Faolain has constructed another Daedalean maze, and we must now decide whether that elusive Minotaur, the chaotic conscience of the Irish race, has been caught within the entanglements of his prose. O'Faolain describes an Ireland where some of the younger priests read Simone de Beauvoir, where the leap from feudalism into modern industrial society is finally becoming an actuality, and where sex is no longer the unspeakable area of life that it was in the pre-Leopold Bloom days. It's all the more striking, therefore, to find a mood of "spiritual paralysis" hovering over *The Talking Trees*—the same kind of paralysis that James Joyce discerned in the Dublin of seventy years ago.

In each of these stories O'Faolain probes for the frustrations and conflicts lurking beneath the bland discontents of contemporary Ireland. In "Of Sanctity and Whiskey" a painter named Luke Regan returns to his old college, St. Killian's, to paint the portrait of one of his former teachers. Brother Hilary Harty, who has since become head of the college, welcomes Luke with open arms (this is, you must remember, an up-to-date Ireland where artists are supposedly cherished). But the portrait of Brother Hilary that gradually emerges is not what Luke or his ecclesiastical employers expected, for the buried anger and pain in the artist's memory begin to guide the movements of his brush. The face on the canvas starts to resemble that of a beast, and for good reason: Luke suddenly remembers the savage beatings that Brother Hilary would inflict upon students who weren't able to reel off the parts of speech in their proper order. Luke's alcoholic self-destruction, and the burning of his painting by a puritanical Anglo-Irish shrew, give an appropriately apocalyptic conclusion to this parable about the fate of the Irish artist.

"Brainsy" and "Feed My Lambs" contain similar treatments of the "priest-ridden" Irish soul, although in each of these stories the victims are themselves members of the clergy. Brainsy is a saintlike genius of a brother who is removed from the classroom by his conformist superiors and given the permanent assignment of plucking weeds in the vegetable garden. Such is the fate of a saint in what used to be called "The Island of Saints and Sages." "Feed My Lambs" is a subtle Chekhovian story about a young priest who becomes sexually attracted to a married woman. Spiritual paralysis descends like a wet blanket from heaven, and prevents the priest from getting any further than a kiss.

O'Faolain's sense of the absurd and the grotesque is almost Beckett-like in these stories, and it keeps him from succumbing to the wispy sentimentality that mars a great deal of his previous fiction. "Of Sanctity and Whiskey" is probably the best story in this collection precisely because O'Faolain projects onto Luke Regan what he fears to be the destiny of any writer who tells the unvarnished truth about the Emerald Isle. O'Faolain has often criticized the Flaubert-Joyce tradition of "naturalism," but each of the stories I have mentioned succeeds by contrasting the grotesque reality of Irish repressiveness with the humorous Gaelic sentimentality that has so often served to blot it out.

"Hymeneal" is an example of O'Faolain's tendency to wrap a protective layer of sentiment around some of his characters. Phil Doyle, a sterile bureaucrat, retires from his post as Inspector of Schools and decides to withdraw to a cottage in a barren area of County Clare. He hopes to write a book about his career, but the seclusion that Phil finds so attractive has the opposite effect on his vivacious wife, Abby. She is about to go bonkers from all the peace and quiet when they learn that Phil's old friend Failey has been killed in a car crash. They hurry off to Dublin, where Phil discovers that Failey had

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WORDS AND MUSIC

Each of the descriptive words in Column 2 identifies both a work of literature in Column 1 and a musical composition in Column 3. Mrs. Richard Staunton of Roundup, Montana, asks you to complete each title by writing in its first blank the appropriate *capital* letter, and to assign its creator by writing the correct *small* letter in its second blank. For assistance, dial page 34.

1. ( ) *for a Nun* ( )	A. Hymn	11. ( ) *of India* ( )
2. ( ) *of Myself* ( )	B. Prelude	12. *Woodland* ( )*es* ( )
3. *The Old Wives'* ( ) ( )	C. Psalm	13. ( )*s from Childhood* ( )
4. ( ) *to Proserpine* ( )	D. Requiem	14. *The Moonlight* ( ) ( )
5. *The Kreutzer* ( ) ( )	E. Scene	15. *The Surprise* ( ) ( )
6. *The Pastoral* ( ) ( )	F. Sketch	16. *Chichester* ( )*s* ( )
7. *The* ( ) ( )	G. Sonata	17. ( )*s of Hoffmann* ( )
8. *Street* ( ) ( )	H. Song	18. ( ) *of Praise* ( )
9. *The* ( ) *Book* ( )	I. Symphony	19. *A German* ( ) ( )
10. *A* ( ) *of Life* ( )	J. Tale	20. *The Raindrop* ( ) ( )

a. Beethoven; b. Bennett; c. Bernstein; d. Brahms; e. Chopin; f. Faulkner; g. Gide; h. Haydn; i. Irving; j. Longfellow; k. MacDowell; l. Mendelssohn; m. Offenbach; n. Rice; o. Rimsky-Korsakov; p. Schumann; q. Swinburne; r. Tolstoy; s. Whitman; t. Wordsworth

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been Abby's lover before their marriage. As in Joyce's "The Dead," the husband is chastened by the knowledge of his wife's secret love.

But O'Faolain repeats the mistake of some of his earlier stories: he tries to rewrite Joyce with a happy ending. For as "Hymeneal" draws to an overly extended close, a veil of Irish mist begins to surround the stark outlines of Phil's selfish and wasted existence. O'Faolain, disguised as Phil, enters the story and begins to meditate on St. Martin and the theme of rebirth. The tale ends on a note of dreary optimism that conflicts with the basic thrust of the action. It would almost seem that the author has imposed the Christian rebirth theme upon his character in order to conceal the tragic implications (Luke Regan again) of what he has written.

"The Planets of the Years" is a successful story (up until the turgidly lyrical ending) because the memories of an Irishwoman who has spent her life working in America as a domestic servant are evoked so poignantly:

> "Slieve Callan," she murmured, and I saw its whiteness rising like music under the low clouds moving imperceptibly from twenty miles away across the wrinkled Shannon. . . .

The timeless loveliness of Ireland is set off against the woman's slavish existence, and O'Faolain achieves a perfect fusion of the Chekhovian flashback and the Flaubertian *mot juste*. But O'Faolain often fails to keep his eye on the object; his mastery of plot is frequently accompanied by a stylistic pseudo-lyricism, a kind of Celtic Mannerism that trivializes the perceptions and fantasies and dialogue of his characters.

"'Our Fearful Innocence'" skirts cautiously around the themes of adultery and romanticism, and eventually gets lost amidst the mushy bogs of this Celtic Mannerism:

> I loved to visit them on nights when the east wind rattled their windows or blew white spindrift across the water, nights when the three of us would sit before the fire and drink a jorum, and have long wandering arguments about the craziest things. . . .

The narrator, an engineer, is such a mild-mannered fellow that he tends to romanticize his adulterous desire for his friend's wife, who is herself an incurable romantic. Her death from leukemia only serves to compound the mystery of their fearful innocence, and the story concludes on a note of eerie nature-mysticism that reminds one unhappily of the Celtic Twilight. O'Faolain has been a progressive force in Ireland over the last thirty years, and it's out of character for him to set up such a simplistic dichotomy between progress and tradition. He has long understood, as did Joyce before him, that Yeats's élitist primitivism (which was only a part of the total Yeats) could (and did) lead into a fascist chauvinism, and it's difficult to understand why "'Our Fearful Innocence'" is so wrongheaded about the relationship between innocence, romanticism, and evil.

O'Faolain descends from a long line of Irish satirists, and when things get too sticky for his satire—when passion or death enters the picture—he regresses into the giddy provincialism that can be heard any evening in the pubs of Dublin or in the bars on Third Avenue. O'Faolain shows the true nature of this provincialism in "Thieves," where a cruel anti-Semitism intrudes upon a quiet Easter Sunday morning in the city of Cork. It is certainly brave of the author to mention this unsavory aspect of a society that is supposed to be founded on the Semitic idea of loving one's neighbor. But the reader may wonder why the glee of the little girls who witness it is allowed to divert our attention from the ugly underside of Irish Catholicism that has just been exposed. Or is this childish glee just another manifestation of those hidden forces?

Sean O'Faolain has brought courage and skill to the making of these stories, but the resolution of such problems is beyond his imaginative grasp. One is forced to conclude that the Irish Minotaur—the old sow who devours her farrow in more ways than one—has, in this case, escaped from the Daedalean labyrinth.

John W. Hughes is a free-lance writer and critic whose ancestors emigrated from County Monaghan soon after the Great Famine.

UP THE SANDBOX!

by Anne Richardson Roiphe

Simon & Schuster, 155 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ Margaret Reynolds is a 1971 female Walter Mitty. She keeps reminding herself, "I'm no Penelope, no romantic heroine or creature of historical importance. I'm just Margaret Reynolds, wife and mother, not yet thirty . . . too old for an identity crisis and yet not past the age of uncertainty." Margaret, the narrator-heroine of this distinguished short novel, has the hang-ups of our day.

In alternate chapters, however, between descriptions of her daily routine

—*Christopher Lukas*

Anne Richardson Roiphe—"perceptive."

—taking little Elizabeth and baby Peter to Riverside Park, shopping at the supermarket, housekeeping, lovemaking with her husband Paul, who is working for his doctorate, attending occasional parties with other couples much like themselves—Margaret daydreams.

Her fantasies reflect with satirical sharpness Margaret's awareness of social problems and her guilt at being "just a housewife and mother." She imagines herself the mistress of a handsome Negro and the sole white member of a group called PROWL, dedicated to blowing up the George Washington Bridge; a reporter assigned to writing an article on women in Cuba and interviewing Castro; an anthropologist working with an expedition to the Amazon. But something always goes wrong: a derelict is discovered on the bridge just before it is about to explode; Castro, when he takes Margaret back to his apartment to seduce her, turns out to be a woman; the Amazonian Indians shoot her with poisoned arrows.

Some of her keen observations are wryly funny. Margaret remarks: "Despite computers and digit telephone numbers, nuclear fission, my life hardly differs from that of an Indian squaw settled in a teepee on the same Manhattan land centuries ago. Pick, clean, prepare, throw out, dig a hole, bury the waste—she was my sister. She would understand why there should be one day of total fast each week."

Anne Richardson Roiphe, whose first novel was *Digging Out*, has written a story as emblematic of New York as the lions at the Public Library, but it is more than that. It shows enormous insight into the problems that disturb young women everywhere. A sensitive, perceptive, shrewd book—and often a very amusing one.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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RIGHTEOUS EMPIRE:
The Protestant Experience in America

by Martin E. Marty

Dial, 295 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

■ Jonathan Edwards, the American colonies' greatest evangelical theologian, described America in the eighteenth century as "the principal nation of the Reformation." That was arguably true, even though less than 7 per cent of the population up to the Revolution were members of the established denominations. During the 1930s in an important work entitled *The Church Against the World*, a Protestant layman, Francis P. Miller, was able to say with equal conviction: "The degradation of the American Protestant church is as complete as the degradation of any other national Protestant church." Yet even today 70 per cent of U.S. citizens identify themselves as Protestants. These perplexing observations move one to ask: What is Protestantism, and what is the nature of its peculiar connection with the American national experiment?

The first question is not the direct concern of *Righteous Empire*. For at least a partial answer to the second, one could hardly turn to a better guide than Martin E. Marty, professor of modern church history at the University of Chicago, associate editor of *The Christian Century*, ecumenist, indefatigable journalist, and author of a number of excellent books. (Like a Lutheran Faust, Dr. Marty sometimes seems to be everywhere at once.)

Righteous Empire, the third volume in Dial's series "Two Centuries of American Life: A Bicentennial History," is the first book to concentrate on the history of American Protestantism since the founding of the nation. For that matter, there are few surveys of American Protestantism from colonial times, partly because the subject is so vast and complex. That Dr. Marty has written such a book at all, especially one so filled with lore and keys to understanding, is a tribute to his learning, industry, and courage. That he has not written a better book may be the consequence of the subject's complexity, the author's method of dealing with it, and, just possibly, his ubiquitous activities.

Whatever else *Righteous Empire* may be, it is not history in the usual sense. That is just as well, since such a work would have to be of almost unimaginable scope. Dr. Marty's is closer to an interpretive history without quite being one, since, while various persuasive and useful interpretations are introduced, there is no thoroughly developed or controlling view outside that implied in the over-all scheme. Actually, the book resembles an interestingly arranged series of memoranda for a future study—an episodic distillation of an immense amount of research. Unfortunately, this produces a frequently sluggish narrative, loaded with names and (often telling) quotations. In readability it is no match for Winthrop Hudson's fine, brief *American Protestantism* of a decade ago.

Still, Dr. Marty's survey is valuable because it is made from a sharply "protesting" viewpoint. "The Protestant principle," as Paul Tillich called it, is identical with the conviction that God alone is the object of ultimate loyalty. It is, therefore, in Tillich's phrase, "the judge of every religious and cultural reality, including the religion and culture which calls itself 'Protestant.'" In this sense Dr. Marty's book is deeply informed by "the Protestant principle."

While he is careful to keep the names of the true witnesses to the Gospel imperatives alive, Dr. Marty does not hesitate to judge professed Protestants and the churches severely. At the very outset of his book, he comments on the treatment of the American Indian: "For all these policies, American consciences had been informed and soothed by Protestant spokesmen, lay and clerical, who assured the United States that it could clear space by removing or exterminating natives, and that this could be all in line with laws of nature and the will of God." Similar judgments are applied in the case of the blacks, "the overlooked Protestants" in Marty's phrase, though ironically, as he says, they were to be the most consistently freedom-seeking Protestants on the American scene: "Prophesy and protest in explicit biblical terms became part of the program of the discontented."

Notwithstanding the minorities and "infidels," about whom the author writes with acute sympathy, there is no question that a "righteous empire" of sorts was gradually extended from sea to sea, and beyond. Horace Bushnell, the greatest liberal Protestant theologian of the nineteenth century, could boast after the Civil War: "We are the grand experiment of Protestantism! Yes, we—it is our most peculiar

"If they're not shooting a new movie, we're in trouble!"

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destiny—we are set to show, by a new and unheard of career of national greatness and felicity, the moral capabilities and all the beneficent fruits of Christianity and the Protestant faith." The historical paradox is that this "empire" resulted in a "Protestantism without protest." In the same complacent era of industrial expansion and progressivism in theology and everything else, there flourished a kind of "decorous worldliness" in which church leaders increasingly identified with the "self-made men" of the middle and upper classes. "Godliness is in league with riches," observed Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, who was apparently somewhat deaf to Jesus's sayings.

Obviously, this "empire" was growing more and more out of touch with its own people, as well as with the waves upon waves of non-Anglo-Saxon Protestants and those of other faiths who immigrated to the U.S. Nor did it grasp the consequences of applied technology, rapid urbanization and secularization, and the radical pluralism of the society. Somewhere between the Reconstruction and the end of the First World War the "righteous empire" was broken up. Prohibition was its last, doomed expression, although, as Dr. Marty points out, our foreign policy has continued to reflect many of the old preachments. The Protestant experiment has, in the author's most useful distinction, become the Protestant experience.

The "righteous empire" is one thing. The Kingdom of God in classic Protestant *and* Catholic tradition is entirely something else. Although he is too perceptive of the complexities of history not to sympathize with both the individualist-evangelical and social gospel "parties" he discerns within American Protestantism, Dr. Marty writes as a Protestant sharing this common Christian faith. Therefore, he clearly welcomes both the dissolution of the "empire" and the coming of the Kingdom, however near or distant it may be. True to ecumenical vision, he does not see any real future for "the Protestant principle" in America apart from "the Catholic substance." Nor, to his way of thinking, are all those who imagine they are advancing the Kingdom really doing so, whereas those who work without a thought to it may in fact be helping to prepare for it.

One can learn many things from this flawed yet bountiful book. Among the most important is that we are all in certain ways shaped by and shapers of the unfinished Protestant experience in this country.

Walter Arnold is an editor with a New York publishing house and is on the faculty of Fordham-Lincoln Center.

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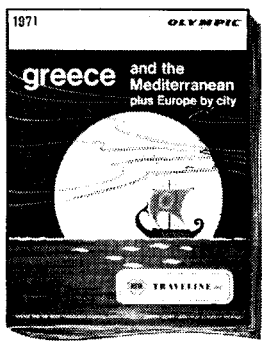

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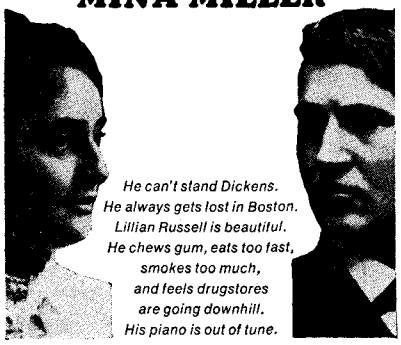

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Reviewed by Robert J. Clements

■ The ha'penny invention of rhyme, as Verlaine called it, was a product of the medieval mind, which had a hard time separating poetry from theology on the one hand, and, on the other, from grammar, logic, and rhetoric. The medieval poets thought up such refinements as retrograde verse, tercet rhyme, and the sonnet, an unlikely amalgam of two quatrains crowned by three couplets masquerading as two tercets.

If modern translators have managed to grapple effectively with Dante's sonnets, they have found the *terza rima* of the *Divine Comedy* a challenge that can never be met with complete success. When he published his translation of the *Inferno* in 1954, John Ciardi acknowledged that without the failures of his predecessors "I could never have attempted my own." No one has rendered perfectly into English tercets the hundred cantos of the *Comedy* (each starting *ababcbcdcdede* . . . and concluding *wxwxyxyzyz*). Ciardi explains that a major obstacle is the relative scarcity in English of rhyming word-endings, which are abundant in Italian (*oscura, dura, paura* is the first tercet we encounter in the *Inferno*).

Dante's epic contains not only a complex rhyme-scheme but an unvarying meter. Three courageous translators have reproduced this with some success: Warwick Chipman in Canada and Dorothy Sayers and Barbara Reynolds in England. Most, however, have resorted to compromises, including blank verse (Longfellow) and free verse (H. R. Huse), while others have fallen back on prose (Carlyle-Okey-Wicksteed, Allan Gilbert, John D. Sinclair, and now Charles Singleton). John Ciardi aims at a poetic version with a minimum sacrifice of meaning. He rhymes two out of every three lines (*abacdcefe* . . .), closing each canto with a couplet.

Thus we have two new important versions of Dante, one in prose and one in poetry, one by a scholar and one by a poet. (In his preface to his *Inferno* Ciardi thanked Singleton for "some useful disapproval at a few points.") It would be easy, of course, to say, along with the late Anna Akhmatova (herself a student of Dante), that poetry should be translated only into poetry. ("If Pushkin had wished to compose *Onegin* in prose, he was perfectly able to do so.") Yet Dante was more than a poet and an inventor of language. To borrow Hugo's word, he incarnated a country and a millennium. This other Dante, the thinker, historian, theologian, sociologist, must come through to those ignorant of Italian, and here the requirements of verse translation keep colliding with accuracy. Even such a splendid poet

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Df, 2Hs, 3Jb, 4Aq, 5Gr, 6 Ig, 7Bt, 8En, 9Fi, 10 Cj, 11 Ho, 12Fk, 13Ep, 14Ga, 15Ih, 16Cc, 17Jm, 18Al, 19Dd, 20 Be.

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as Ciardi had scarcely completed ten lines of his *Inferno* before he was obliged to pad: what Singleton translates literally as "so full of sleep" becomes "so drugged and loose with sleep." A beautiful phrase, but already at one remove from the original. Nevertheless, Ciardi's welcome version, recognized among Dante scholars as a tour de force, retains the liveliness, simplicity, and directness of the original Tuscan. It is a poet's triumph available to a student's pocketbook. The footnotes, based on such commentators as Biagi and Scartazzini-Vandelli, are adequate.

Singleton's work, when completed, will be a monument to American scholarship. His goal is to provide not only the most accurate English translation but the fullest and most up-to-date commentary. In his exegesis he relies on his own revision of Paget Toynbee's *Dante Dictionary* (Oxford, 1968), a "store on which (having earned the privilege, so to say) I might freely draw with familiarity and assurance." The volume of commentary on the *Inferno* is erudite and informative, a tool unlikely to be outdated in our century. Singleton is aware that there are still many problems which have not been clarified: "Meanwhile the reader will have to bear with patience an ever-growing burden of unresolved meanings until he himself has won to the vantage ground of a fuller experience of the whole and to those vistas in retrospect through which a full, or a fuller, understanding of the total meaning may be had." Such mysteries as the giant Nimrod's wrathful cry to Dante and Vergil deep in hell may never be cleared up, but, thanks to Singleton and the other Dante scholars of his generation, future poets will have an easier time of it as they set out once again to translate the untranslatable.

Robert J. Clements was one of the two American scholars invited to speak at the International Congress of Dante Studies in Italy in 1965, on the occasion of the seventh centenary of Dante's birth. (The other was Dr. Charles S. Singleton.)

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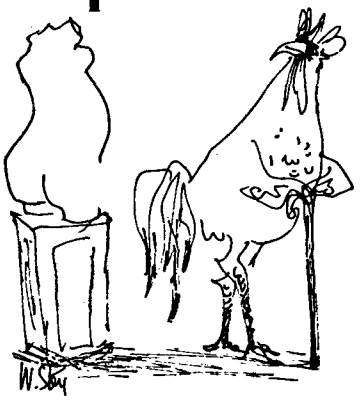

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The War Novel

Continued from page 15

the war that Hitler started but that, as Vonnegut says over and again, certainly made everyone "very tough." By now we are morally perishing of so much toughness, and think longingly of E. E. Cummings's "There's a hell of a better universe next door. Let's go."

The gifted, morbid French novelist Louis-Ferdinand Céline was a Fascist, served the Vichy regime, and finally fled to Germany with other French Fascists and collaborators. In his remarkable account of being cooped up in Germany, *Castle to Castle*, Céline, on the basis of information given him by the Vichy consul in Dresden, tells us more what the Dresden fire-bombing was like than does Vonnegut, who was there:

> . . . the tactic of total squashing and frying in phosphorus . . . American invention! really perfected the last "new look" before the A-bomb . . . first the suburbs, the periphery, with liquid sulphur and avalanches of torpedoes . . . then general roasting . . . the whole center! Act II . . . churches, parks, museums . . . no survivors wanted. . . .

Why does the American who was there avoid such strong, plain language? Céline's bluntness, his graphic power, incorporates his willingness to take sides, his deep political outrage at the specific American "tactic of total squashing and frying in phosphorus." Vonnegut's evasion of any realistic description seems typical of the purely moral, unpolitical, widespread American sense of futility about our government's having made war in and on Indochina for an entire decade. Vietnam now colors all our thinking about earlier wars. Until Vietnam, Americans did not fully take it in that theirs was a permanent war economy, totally bureaucratized for war, prepared to make war endlessly. In retrospect, even the fiction of the "separate peace" about the First World War, based on aristocratic disdain for politicians and humanist protest against the slaughter of a whole generation, seems more political than those American stories and reports of Vietnam that made a veteran correspondent there, once a hawk, finally say that "the war—or wars—has become as unreal and macabre as a bad trip in the East Village."

But, of course, the Vietnam War is not "a bad trip." Our disgust with the interminable killing may no longer be a strong enough emotion to write books with. Still, the disgust is all too understandable. The Vietnam War has been so sickeningly "covered" by television, by dogged journalists still looking for a "fresh angle" on the war, that the serious novelist trying to describe Vietnam finds himself outdone by the manic plenitude of American destructiveness there. There have been films on TV of American soldiers aboard boats pouring an unceasing fire into the forest as if they were spraying insecticide. The factory methods of Americans making war in Asia seem to defeat the most unreconstructed literary imagination. Even so strong and astringent a novel about the war in Vietnam as William Eastlake's *The Bamboo Bed* (and there haven't been many serious novels about Vietnam at all) finally seems to defeat itself. In Eastlake's book the Americans fight the Vietnamese as Americans once fought the Indians. The book is an indictment of our historic American ferocity, and is finally not about Vietnam but about all of America's wars. As in a nightmare, the Americans in this endless pageant-play of war no longer seem to know where they are or whom they are fighting, and the same war takes place over and again.

More than anything else, it is the American bad conscience over Vietnam that robs *The Bamboo Bed* of every effective quality but scorn. Eastlake is an excellent novelist, but with such a subject *nobody* comes off right in a novel—everyone is touched with the same guilt, just as the Asian forest absorbs and outlasts all the death we pour into it. The death of Captain Clancy, a brave, traditional American warrior, represents nothing but his own death, which means, in effect, the end of civilization. A single man's death in Vietnam has become a biological episode important only to his dwindling sensations. Nobody cares, for a dead man frightens us with the reality of *our* death.

Yet, meanwhile, in the "bamboo bed" itself, a helicopter on a search-and-rescue operation, a lieutenant and a nurse make love 10,000 feet above the battle. The helicopter, on automatic pilot, swoops and rises merrily through the air like a wild bird released. Most important, *The Bamboo Bed* is a satire on Hemingway's style and the Hemingway hero, for Captain Clancy is an old-fashioned American male devoted to the honor of his maleness. But what to do when the wars are no longer worthy of us, when we cannot exercise our maleness as true warriors the way Captain Clancy once did? Vietnam is the wrong place and time for those who still believe in war. Captain Clancy experiences total futility at everything in war but dying. No wonder General Westmoreland anticipates a time when war will be completely automated.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Children's Corner

THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A HOUSE TOO BIG

for Dickie

There was a man who lived in a house,
  A big white house with a fence around it.
He lost his way from room to room
  And nobody ever found it.

He went to the phone and called the police:
  "Please come to my house and find me."
"Where are you?" they said. "I'm in one of my rooms
  With the rest before and behind me.

I'm in one of my rooms on one of my floors
  With the rest before and behind me,
Except for some above and below.
  If fifty men can't find me,

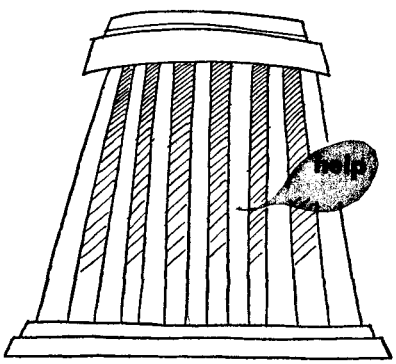
Send fifty more. I'll phone the cook
  To feed them pork and beans.
If you haven't found me by New Year's Day,
  I'll phone for the Horse Marines."

That was in January, I think,
  About three years ago.
A hundred police and the Horse Marines
  Ate up ten tons or so

Of pork and beans, then ten tons more,
  And twenty of pancake pie.
The horses ate forty tons of oats.
  The cook began to cry.

The man kept phoning from room to room.
  The cook kept phoning the store.
Said the man on the phone, "Have you found me yet?"
  Said the cook, "Send ten tons more."

Said the hundred police and the Horse Marines
  Whenever they answered the phone,
"Can you look around and see where you are?"
  Said the man, "I am here and alone."

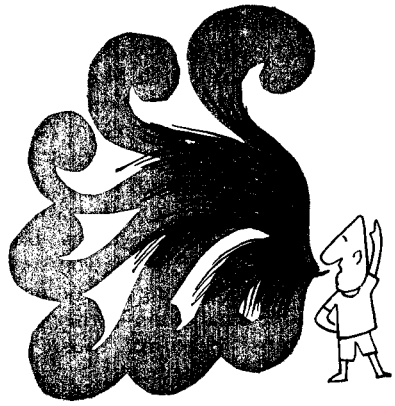


They finished the pork. They finished the beans.
  They finished the cook—she quit.
The phone keeps ringing in her room,
  But nobody answers it.

A hundred police and the Horse Marines
  Are running around and around
Looking for something else to eat,
  And there's nothing to be found.

Not pork and beans. Not pancake pie.
  Not a cup of dishwater tea.
Not even the man they came to find,
  Whoever he turns out to be

If he ever turns up from wherever he is
  In the big White House with the fence around it.
He is in there yet, but he lost his way
  And nobody ever found it.



ABOUT MAKING SPEECHES

for little Spiro

There was a man with nothing to say
  And no way of keeping still.
"I like to listen to my own voice,"
  Said he, "and so I will.

If I had to wait for something to say,"
  Said he, "I would be so old
Before I got to make a speech
  That everything would have been told

A thousand times. Then who would come
  To listen, and rejoice
At the nothing at all I have to say
  In my rather remarkable voice?

I can sound it high. I can sound it low.
  I can say 'Harrumph!' so loud
It booms like a ton of TNT
  Set off in a thundercloud.

I can whisper and hiss as soft as sleet
  When it falls in the silent sea.
I can wink and imply on the sneak and the sly—
  So slyly and sneakily

That the people I bribe to listen and cheer
  Are so thoroughly overawed
By my artistry that they look at me
  And no man dares applaud.

—For fear, of course, they might break the spell
  Of the truly remarkable way
I fill the room with the boom-boom-boom
  Of my nothing-whatever-to-say.

With the whisper and hiss and the sneak and sly
  And the ever rising swell
Of my boom-boom-boom as I fill the room
  With the nothing I tell so well."

THE THING ABOUT A HERO

for dear Melvin

The thing about a hero is
  The pictures in his head.
Whatever he sees that he doesn't like
  —He colors it red.

He colors it red with his Snicker-Snee.
  He clangs it with his Clanger.
He stitches it shut with his Rat-a-Tat.
  He dents it with his Banger.

He draws a line and he draws his sword,
  And if you take one step more,
He colors you black and blue and then
  In two or three strokes or four

He draws what he sees inside his head
And what he sees is *You*—half dead.
But he doesn't do things by halves. Not he.
Not while he has his Snicker-Snee.
Not when he has you pictured wrong.
(Have you ever been wrong? Then it may not be long
Before some hero comes along
And picks up his tools and starts a fight
And draws you the way *he* thinks is right.)

And what he thinks inside his head
  Is: *You* and *You* look wrong to me,
And I'm here to redraw your picture
  With my Banger and Snicker-Snee.

I'm here to redraw your picture
  With my Clanger and Rat-a-Tat.
I'll color you red and leave you dead
  In half of nothing flat.

For I am a hero, and in my head
  I have pictures of what looks right.
And *You* and *You* look wrong to me.
  Which means it's time to fight.

And I—as we heroes like to do—
  Will draw, and color you red,
And dead to rights—the way you look
  In the pictures I have in my head.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Mozart's "Tito" at the Juilliard

ALTHOUGH ITS CHARTER is primarily to educate the young, The Juilliard School now and then extends its franchise to graduates, postgraduates, and even non-graduates in need of the kind of illumination it dispenses. The latest in a long sequence of such services was a production of Mozart's all but legendary *La Clemenza di Tito* in the attractive Juilliard Theater, with Bruno Maderna conducting a production designed by John Scheffler and directed by Osvaldo Riofrancos for the American Opera Center (a Juilliard subsidiary).

This is the work composed by Mozart in 1791 for a September ceremonial in Prague on behalf of the newly crowned Leopold II. It is, thus, a work even later in his eventful, soon-to-end life than the perennially performed *Magic Flute*. Were chronological "fulfillment" the issue, it should be one of the most cherished of all his stage works. That it is not—and a professional production in New York eludes recollection—argues one of two possibilities. One might be the breakdown of the otherwise incredible faculties that continued to be productive up to the *Requiem* he was striving to finish when he died in December 1791, or some other inhibiting factor. A breakdown of any sort *Tito* clearly is not. The two acts are packed with music of a beauty available only to one mind of all the minds that ever existed, and the quality mounts as the evening progresses. But an inhibiting factor? That is something else. To suit the ceremonial surroundings, *La Clemenza di Tito* was conceived in the manner of an *opera seria*. Admirers of that now archaic genre contend that *Tito* is by no means typical of it. But it abides by enough of its conventions, including the description of all the action in the plot rather than the depiction of it, to suffer its disadvantages.

Even more, the plot itself is both lame and halt, concerning as it does the Emperor Titus, who usurped the throne of the Emperor Vitellius and frustrated the hopes of his daughter Vitellia to become "Augusta" (Empress). When she hears that Tito proposes to make Servilia his queen, she prompts her lover (nothing like having an obedient one in reserve) to assassinate the monarch. But Servilia engages the best in Tito by admitting, candidly, that she loves another, and he decides that his choice, after all, should be Vitellia. This, needless to say, makes for a certain amount of embarrassment all the way around, as the plot proceeds in ignorance of his altered intentions. Then it is Tito's decision to have the unsuccessful assassin (though otherwise his best friend Sesto) torn limb from limb by animals kept hungry for the purpose. But Vitellia comes forward to confess that it was all her idea, and the clement Tito forgives all, on behalf of the greater good of Rome and to the cheers of the populace. The only thing unresolved at the end is the same thing unresolved at the beginning: namely, whom is Tito going to make his Empress?

The only purpose in reciting this elliptical tale is to set forth the elliptical problem with which Mozart was faced. Had there been emotion, drama, some uncertainty or suspense at issue, it is a reasonable possibility that Mozart's sense of the theater would have been engaged and the product would have been worthy of his genius. But, being a reasonable man as well as a genius, there was nothing he could do with a foregone conclusion—other than write the most beautiful music he could and hope for the best.

This, assuredly, he did, and some of it rivals in ingenuity and skill anything associated with his name. But it differs from the music of *The Magic Flute, Don Giovanni, Figaro,* and even *Così fan tutte* in one vital respect. Whereas those great operas contained situations that gripped his heart and caused him to pour blood into the music he wrote, *Tito* involved only his mind and the thought of which it was capable. Beautifully formulated, marvelously constructed, enormously well ordered as it is, the product is lacking in the seductive power that makes a participant of a listener.

For its educational purposes, the Juilliard was well served by the handsomely symmetrical setting of open arches and columns that Scheffler had grouped in the manner of a peristyle and the stylized, carefully disciplined mummery that Riofrancos arranged within it. This may not be everybody's idea of how the "dramatic" problem of *Tito* can best be served, but it did, at least, afford the performers useful indoctrination in such postures and attitudes. Unlike the productions seen last year, this one advanced the dramatic interests of the performers rather than deterred them.

In an effort to produce a more interesting outcome, Maderna interpolated a concert aria by Mozart into each of the two acts. The procedure did not add much to theatrical interest, but did subtract from authenticity. Of the two casts, the one of the opening performance reflected the greatest credit on Jacquelyn Benson (the Marzelline of Leonard Bernstein's TV *Fidelio* of last year). She has considerable stage talent and an attractive voice, neither disadvantaged by the requirements of her role of Servilia. Also suitably endowed for what she had to do was Barrie Smith as Annio. But all the others, beginning with bass David Wilder as Publio and moving upward to Leonard Johnson, who made a valiant effort to produce the florid tenor sound required for Tito; Ellen Shade, who not only had difficult music to sing as Sesto, but also was playing a male role written for a castrato; and especially Sung Sook Lee as Vitellia, were lacking in vocal discipline on the scale Mozart's writing demands. On the other hand, the members of the student orchestra, including the soloists who performed the difficult obbligatos for clarinet, oboe, and basset horn (the bass clarinetish instrument with which Mozart embellished the famous "Non più di fiori") gave Maderna everything his sound, patient direction deserved. A certain lack of fervor was a by-product of the good conferred by the patience.

It was, in several other respects, a week crowded with vocal happenings, some of them as memorable as Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's superb singing in Carnegie Hall of a choice selection of Hugo Wolf's Mörike songs to the faultless piano playing of Daniel Barenboim and others as depressingly wide of the mark as Hildegard Hillebrecht's provincial kind of Leonore as Beethoven's *Fidelio* entered the meat-grinder phase of the Metropolitan's repertory (William Dooley as Pizarro struck these eyes, at least, as remarkably reminiscent of a certain contemporary conductor born in Salzburg). Among the more ambitious was a concert version of Handel's *Orlando* in Carnegie Hall, for which conductor Stephen Simon lacked the attributes for indoctrinating such singers as Rosalind Elias (Orlando), Betty Allen (Medoro), and Justino Díaz (Zoroastro) in a style of florid vocalization foreign to them. Marilyn Horne's first Rosina in Rossini's *Barbiere* at the Metropolitan will be reported upon next time.

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Editorial

Continued from page 16

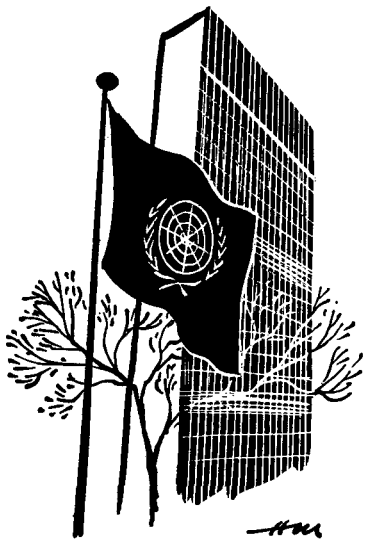
world law. But, as Carlos Romulo pointed out, they are the irreducible minimum if the U.N. is to have even a reasonable chance of doing its job.

The resolution supported by the eight governments did not call for Charter review. But at least the resolution has started the process; it requires that the Secretary General invite the member governments to furnish him, before July 1, 1972, with specific views and suggestions on reviewing and reforming the Charter.

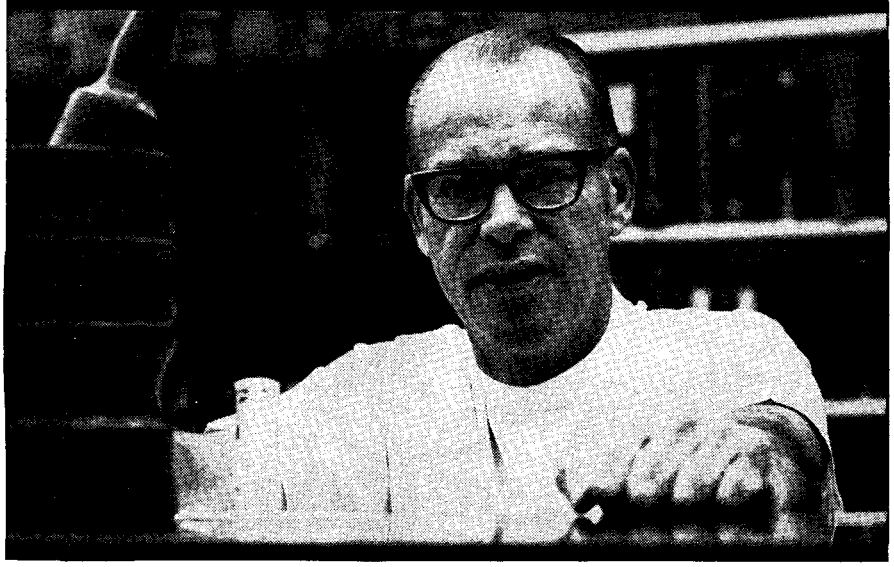
In this form, the resolution passed the General Assembly by a vote of 82 to 12. At first, the United States was opposed to any resolution leading to Charter review but, to its credit, joined the large majority when the vote was called.

It may be said that the resolution was so perfunctory that opponents to Charter review could vote for it in complete confidence that it would never come about. Not necessarily so. The great gain achieved by passage of the resolution is that it now provides world public opinion with a place to take hold. If enough people become sufficiently animated about the need to strengthen the U.N., they now have a track on which they can move. In the United States, public opinion is in a position to get the government to take the question seriously. Several men whose names have been mentioned for Presidential nomination have already identified themselves with the call for a stronger U.N. They can be encouraged to make world law through the U.N. a campaign issue in 1972.

One way or another, an opportunity for improving the U.N. now exists. Individual citizens keep asking what they can do; they now have at least one possible answer. —N. C.



"You get more value for your dollar in prescription drugs today than ever before...



but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% . . . while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines . . . a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

The average prescription today costs $3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

As a professional, I know that drug industry competition . . . in price, research, quality, new products and service . . . has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

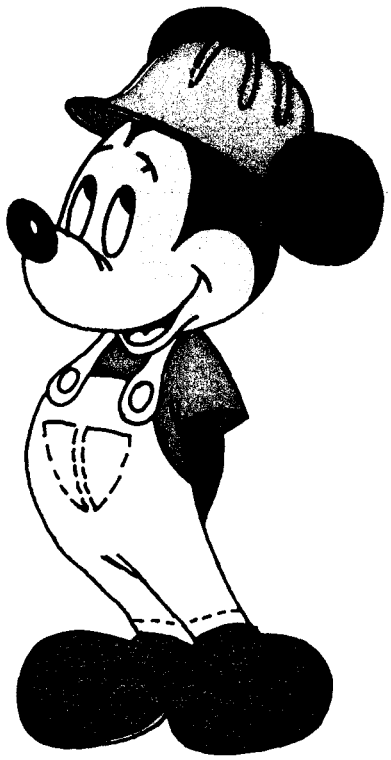
Whistle While You Work

MICKEY MOUSE lives. He is in temporary residence in central Florida wearing a hard hat and inspiring the construction of Walt Disney World, an enterprise he hopes will combine the best qualities of Utopia and Toyland. I didn't see Mickey on a recent expedition to the pine barrens and orange groves around Orlando, where the updated Disneyland is being built, but I could feel his nearness.

Mickey says the Magic Kingdom park, with its dreamy renditions of moated castles, Wild West saloons, jungle cruises, and a lot of playthings new to Disney followers, will open on schedule in October. Who is to doubt it? The original Disneyland opened in Anaheim, California, on July 17, 1955, precisely on time, just a year after groundbreaking. The Orlando branch will have taken longer to build, but, then, it hopes to accomplish much more. Disney publicity releases call it the largest non-governmental project presently under construction in the country. The whole of California's Disneyland occupies 350 acres; Disney World has 27,000 acres to work with. More than just an amusement center, it eventually will include five hotels, two golf courses, beaches, campgrounds, a 7,500-acre nature preserve, and, if signs are encouraging, a model community of 20,000 residents whose lives will be blessed with all the futuristic conveniences the Disney labs can dream up.

Until Disney World started rising, Orlando was better known as a gateway to other places. About a third of the nation's citrus fruit is grown in a sandy belt across central Florida, and three-fourths of the phosphate is mined in nearby Polk County. Orlando does attract droves of retired couples and wintering Northerners, who can strike out on day trips to Cape Kennedy, Cypress Gardens, Daytona Beach, and dozens of lakes with such seductive names as Kissimmee and June in Winter.

One of Orlando's biggest employers, the Martin Marietta Corporation, builders of aircraft and missile parts, was dealt a blow by the cutback in space-industry funds, but Disney World saved some of the jobs when it got Martin Marietta to build its monorail cars. "Our best surveys show that in the next ten years Disney World will produce a hundred thousand jobs in



central Florida," Dick Nunis, director of operations and wearer of a Mickey Mouse watch, told me one clear Orlando night.

Skeptics have questioned the locale of the second superpark ever since Disney himself, who died five years ago, handpicked the new site. Central Florida was held by some to be too rainy and cold in the winter and too steamy in the summer, but the planners studied the climate, found the reports exaggerated, and announced the purchase in 1965. For good measure, they sketched into the plans extra shelter and air conditioning. It was also felt that with the expansion of the two freeways that crisscross near Orlando, the great motoring public who make up most of the prospective clientele would happily point their cars toward central Florida.

"When the first Disneyland more or less 'arrived,' Walt started getting bids to build new parks all over the world," Nunis said. "Paris, London, some place in Africa, of course Arizona, and other parts of the States. We never really thought of going overseas. We've got a lot of land at home."

Disney minds wondered at first if the East Coast would go for the same attractions that have sent Westerners flocking to Anaheim. "In California, we get ten million out-of-staters a year, but only a tiny percentage come from east of the Mississippi," Nunis said. "We did a couple of shows at the 1964 World's Fair in New York to see if East and West are really different. Of course, we found that people are people."

There will, however, be differences between the two playgrounds. Out West the Pirates of the Caribbean exhibit intrigues audiences who normally don't get near the Caribbean. In Florida, where pirates are part of the lore, the act will be replaced by Frontier Land. One of the few complaints registered against Disneyland is the long wait at some of the main attractions. "The Matterhorn is the longest wait in the West," another Disney man told me. "Here, we're going to have a modern-type Space Mountain that will handle four times the capacity of the Matterhorn."

Probably the most significant difference will be the length of stay and diversity of events programed for Orlando visitors. Disneyland was designed to fetch customers for six or seven hours, then send them wheeling down the freeways to other California shrines. Disney World hopes to keep families and conventioneers (the hotels will be fitted with huge meeting halls) for several days with the added appeal of camping sites, riding stables, nature hikes, water-skiing, and nearly every other outdoor pursuit except possum hunting.

No doubt opossums still roam the grounds today. Deer, alligators, snakes, dozens of varieties of water birds, and even armadillos have been spotted by an admittedly wary Disney staff. Armadillos? These horny creatures are native to Latin America and Texas, but their numbers have been growing in central Florida ever since a pair escaped from a visiting circus. It is guaranteed that water moccasins, alligators, and other of the less accommodating residents will be cleared out or at least hied away to the game refuge by opening day. The local mosquitoes, a hungry breed, have been combated with spraying and fogging actions. "Mainly we just have to keep the water flowing in our two lakes," Nunis said. "And believe me, we've looked into the matter. We have a book *that* thick on insect control."

Most of the creators of Disneyland have been transferred to Orlando to work their magic on the burgeoning settlement. Bill Evans, mustachioed and movie-star handsome, the man whose landscaping techniques separate Disneyland from all other amusement parks, is testing more than a hundred types of trees and plants, including a couple of California redwoods, in the loamy soil. His admiring

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colleagues claim that Evans, with his chemical mastery, could grow a tree on a turtle's back. Or in a parking lot. In fact, a grove of tender eucalyptus, already peeking five feet into the Florida sky, will one day shade a sloped and manicured parking lot on the fringe of the Magic Kingdom.

Joe Fowler, a retired admiral, is another holdover from the Anaheim campaign. In short, he built Disneyland. And now he is supervising all construction at Orlando. In true naval tradition, he has surrounded himself with water, blending a pair of lakes, a jungle river, and other watery bodies into an atmosphere heavy with marine trappings. On his wall is a ship's clock with Mickey Mouse face. Ecology was not much of an issue when Disney was alive, and yet he and Fowler agreed that the Orlando project would incorporate all the nature-saving devices that the Disney think tanks in Burbank, and the rest of technology, could produce. All the motorized vehicles in Disney World will run on steam or compressed natural gas. Waste will be sucked through underground ducts, baled, and burned in an incinerator that discharges barely a trace of smoke.

Fowler said his friend Disney had hoped to create a model city beyond anything man has yet imagined, and to that end Phase II of Disney World will attempt an Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow, or, in company parlance, EPCOT. "It's still six or seven years off," Fowler said. "A lot of research is going into EPCOT because we feel it has to be an exceptional city. It won't be built unless we're convinced it's different from everything else. Walt visited eight or ten of the so-called model communities, and invariably he came back and said, 'Oh, we can do a lot better than that.' And I think we can."

According to rough designs, EPCOT will be a series of concentric circles radiating outward to the suburbs, each home powered independently by a single tiny fuel cell much like the kind that provides the juice for the Gemini capsules. Monorails and trams propelled by revolutionary linear motors will move people in and out of the city, but on the main streets there will be no moving vehicles. If EPCOT sounds as make-believe as Tomorrowland, then one should hear Fowler declare: "We already have two cities set up for incorporation by the state."

On a warm January morning, with neither a raindrop nor a mosquito in sight, I prowled the budding kingdom fifteen miles southwest of Orlando. From the railing of Victoria Station, I looked up the turn-of-the-century Main Street to Cinderella's Castle, honeycombed with red scaffolding. A

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XPRESS
stir in one level tablespoon of
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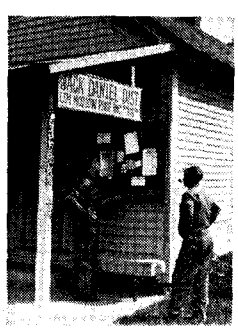
DO YOU want to give a lovely Easter present to the man in your life?
Something expensive but different. I have just been tasting American Sour Mash Whiskey—Jack Daniel's old No. 7, which is made in the little town of Lynchburg, Tennessee, deep in Davy Crockett country.
I must say it's quite something. It's bottled in the oldest registered distillery in the United States exactly as it has been done for the last seven generations.
I tasted it with a charming Scottish colleague on the Daily Express who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of the boys back home. And he said it was "a very good whisky indeed."
We drank it neat—the way they do in Scotland—with no nonsense about ice or water in it.
He was very sceptical at first at the idea of even sniffing an American whisky, but was very impressed when he tried it, had a second helping, said it would be lovely to sit over the fire after a round of golf or a long walk over the moors and sip it at leisure.
It hits you, I must say, with its full force some time afterwards. It's got a wonderful nose, is as dark as gold tea, is 78deg British proof and is breathtakingly expensive at 97s. 4d. a bottle. Most big stores stock it in this country.
THE LARGE CROSSWORD
INT

THIS CLIPPING FROM EDINBURGH was sent by a friend of Jack Daniel's. And we're pleased to hear he's not our only Scottish friend.



Anybody who appreciates the better qualities of whiskey enough to say ours has a "wonderful nose" is our friend right off. But for a Scot, accustomed to the fine products of Scotland, to offer such agreeable remarks was most pleasing indeed. And so we want to share them with all our other friends.

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crashing, whining din rose above Main Street, and even as hundreds of hard-hatted workers climbed about the project, others labored below in an eight-acre enclosure that may be the biggest basement in Florida. Down there, the wheels of Disney World will turn, preparing food, moving all vehicles, disposing of trash.

Picking my way through mounds of earth and piles of lumber, I came upon the Swiss Isle Tree House in its first stages of life, its ersatz limbs jutting out like cockeyed stovepipes. Frontier Land will have a mile-long bar and a Country Bear Band that will make music by means of a Disney device known as audio-animatronics, the latest word in animation. It's not enough that Disney bears move and growl and look like live specimens; now they're playing guitars and drums. Man himself is being bettered by this new process. In the Hall of Presidents, our leaders will smile and scratch their heads and maybe hold their arms aloft.

Driving away from the Magic Kingdom, I had to pull over to let a hotel room roll past on its way to being inserted into the skeleton of an A-frame. In a nearby assembly plant operated by United States Steel's Realty Development Division one of these modular units, complete with utilities and interior décor, is turned out every two hours and then trucked to the appropriate hotel site, an operation never before attempted on such a scale.

Disney Productions, new to hotel building and management, will have the contemporary A-frame and a Hawaiian village ready for the October opening; later, a Persian, a Venetian, and an Asian hotel will rise along the 650-acre lake and lagoon. Eagerly bidding for family business, Disney World hotels will admit free of charge children under eighteen who stay in the same room with their parents. "Exciting" is the word Disney people use most often to describe the hotel and recreation facilities, which no doubt will have a touch of never-never land. Monorails, far sleeker and more sophisticated than those at Disneyland, will glide through the vaulted concourse of

Compasses of Storm

by Robert Wallace

Gulls on the bar
like needles
all face into the nor' easter.

In the pasture, cows
together
put rumps to the wind and rain.

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the A-frame hotel en route to the Magic Kingdom.

Disney World, like its predecessor, will be served by a clean-cut all-American staff. There is not a sign of the Woodstock Nation. "We have pretty strict standards for employees," said a hostess at the Preview Center, which shows mock-ups, maps, and films of the dawning civilization. "We girls don't tease our hair or wear makeup—mascara and a little bit of powder are okay, but that's it. The boys can't wear sideburns below the middle of the ear. Out at Disneyland, we had one girl who went without a bra. Nobody warned her about it, but you couldn't tell anyway."

Disney World executives, even those in their fifties and sixties, are just as scrubbed and buoyant. The visitor wonders how they regard the outside world; most of what they say, whether your pencil is poised or not, is shop talk. What they seem to believe in is the world of Walt Disney. "These people absolutely love their work," said a member new to the team. "They're in at eight and out at ten. They look on Snow White and Mary Poppins as living creatures. It was Walt's success with the movie *Snow White* that enabled him to expand operations back in the late Thirties. They're all grateful to Mary Poppins because the movie did so well that we could go ahead with Disney World."

We were talking at the airport, and, much as I wanted to listen, his Mickey Mouse watch said it was time to leave. So I flew out of McCoy Field toward another fantasyland called Miami Beach.

WIT TWISTER #203

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

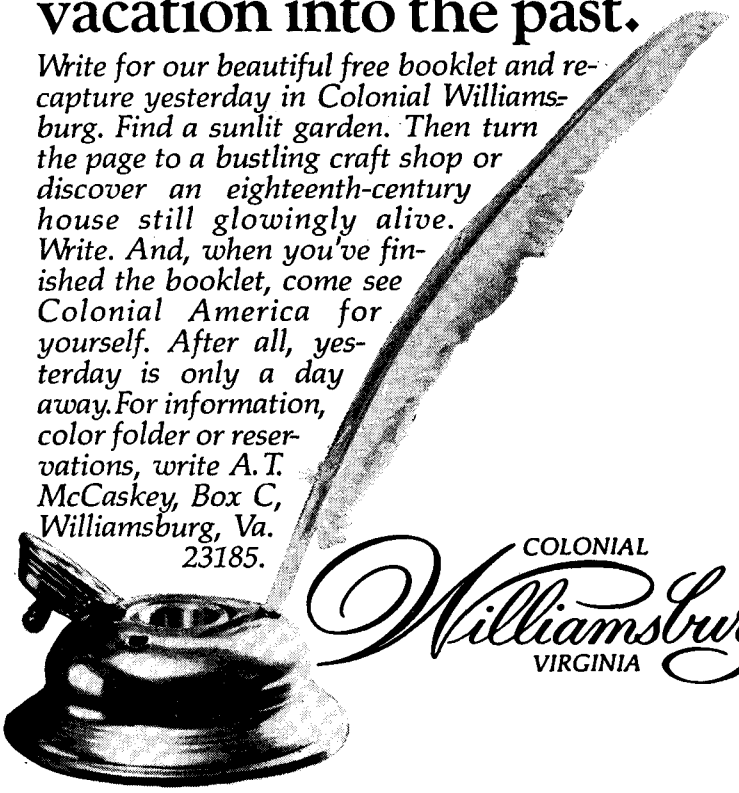
I serve hot _ _ _ _ _, while
the rich crowds play
Along the _ _ _ _ _ in sun and
surf all day
And, nightly, in fine _ _ _ _ _
and gowns return,
Each scarf or _ _ _ _ _
covering a burn.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 66*)

Write ahead for a vacation into the past.

Write for our beautiful free booklet and recapture yesterday in Colonial Williamsburg. Find a sunlit garden. Then turn the page to a bustling craft shop or discover an eighteenth-century house still glowingly alive. Write. And, when you've finished the booklet, come see Colonial America for yourself. After all, yesterday is only a day away. For information, color folder or reservations, write A. T. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.



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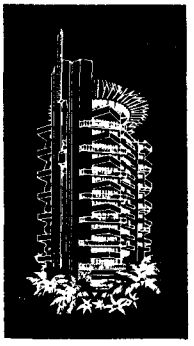

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Subcutaneous Cinema

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN'S old line "Satire is what closes on Saturday night" proved almost prophetic for the original Broadway production of Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*. It opened on a Tuesday in April 1967 and ended its run four nights later, as if on cue from Kaufman. Miraculously, however, the play survived. A London production a few weeks later won the Best Foreign Play award from the British critics; a 1969 Off-Broadway revival, directed by Alan Arkin, developed into a substantial hit—substantial enough, at least, to warrant its purchase by Twentieth Century-Fox for movie purposes. Both Arkin and Feiffer were included in the package, and, ironically, its coproducer and star is Elliott Gould, who had played Feiffer's apathetic protagonist in the short-lived first production.

The timing for this latest incarnation of Feiffer's black comedy could hardly be better. What seemed merely eccentric behavior in 1967 has become a recognizable part of the paranoia of the Seventies. The random assassinations, bombings, and mass riots, rendered off-stage in 1967, have since entered our homes almost every evening via television. The lack of commitment, the unwillingness of people to become involved, that shocked all of us so much in the Genovese case has since hardened into an accepted, acceptable public posture. Violence stalks our streets—violence, it might be noted, that even Feiffer had not envisaged when he wrote his play. In the few years since *Little Murders* first appeared, much of our citizenry has learned to live with this fact, erecting its own puny defenses against that ugly world outside.

What the film does, and with dire intensity, is to demonstrate not merely how puny those defenses are and how callous we have become to the daily outrages in our cities but how easily, through the slight hyperbole familiar to Feiffer fans, our entire society might be sucked into the vortex of over-reaction. Perhaps the most terrifying aspect of *Little Murders* is that today it seems neither grotesque nor absurd but rather an only mildly distorted mirror of our times. To be sure, the film is black enough, but the comedy is no longer funny because we happen to be living with its tag lines.

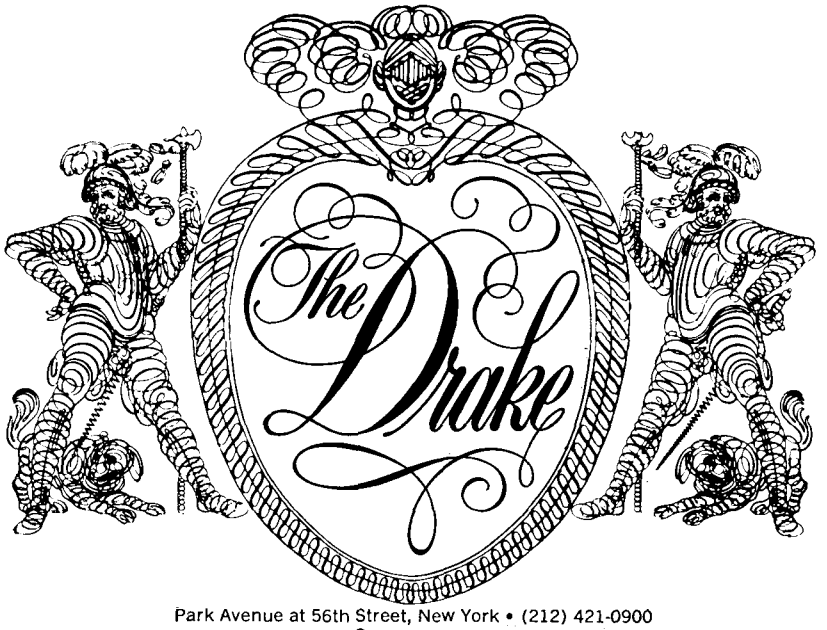
It is to the credit of the new production company of Jack Brodsky and Gould that, despite this shift of emphasis, they proceeded to open up the play in ways calculated to augment the shock rather than the laughs. On the stage, the perils of New York crept in through the interstices of barricaded

windows and cautiously opened doors. In the film, they are omnipresent. Lights fail in the Newquist apartment, and conversation goes on as if nothing had happened. Gould and his girl friend walk down a street where buildings burn and corpses are carried out on stretchers, and no one seems to notice. There are muggings, bombings, riots, but it is all part of the daily routine. Even when Gould, with bloodied shirt and blood-stained face, rides the New York subway, no one looks up. Today, it is more than apathy; naked fear is making our cities unlivable, and this fear haunts every frame of *Little Murders*.

And yet, for all the seriousness of its underlying purpose, the film is funny. Just as Feiffer's cartoons generate a mordant chuckle of recognition, there is laughter at the parody of an all-American family following the all-American conventions through what has to be the world's most dreadful dinner party ever tendered a prospective son-in-law. The Feiffer wit is also evident in the protracted monologue of Lou Jacobi explaining why he, as a judge, will not perform the marriage ceremonies without reference to God—and no less so in the equally protracted, and provocative, sermon by Donald Sutherland, minister of the First Existentialist Church, explaining why he will. ("Jesus died for our sins," he says. "Dare we make His martyrdom meaningless by not committing them?")

Arkin, in his maiden venture as a feature-film director, has a tendency to let his performers become a bit shrill (including his own performance as a paranoid police lieutenant). And Feiffer, in his maiden venture as a feature-film writer, relies far too heavily on his incredible ear for today's language, far too little on his no less discerning eye. But the cast, recruited in the main from Arkin's Off-Broadway production, is almost beyond reproach, and the film is relevant, risible—and profoundly disturbing.

The Drake.
Perhaps more a club than a Park Avenue hotel.



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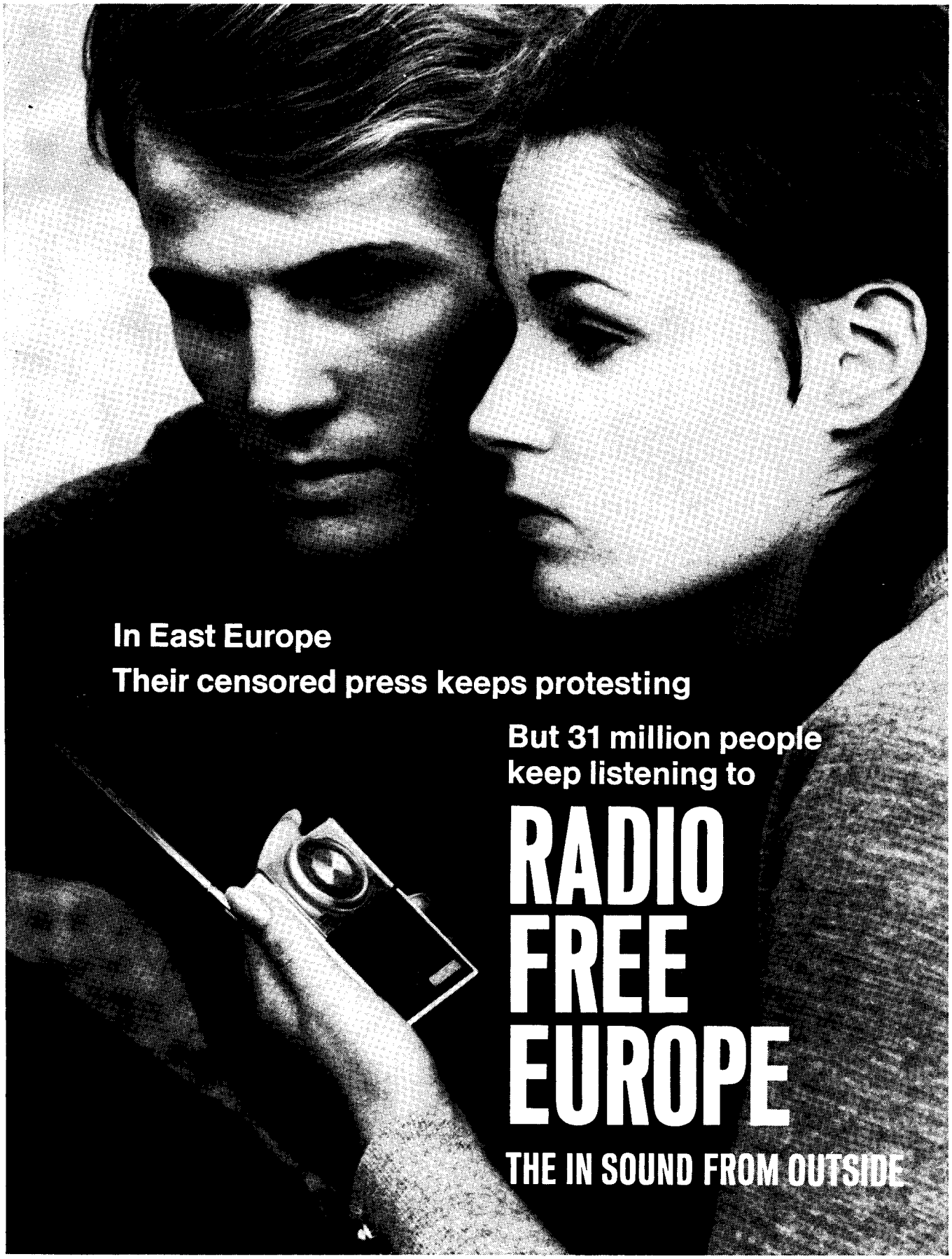

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THEY PUT THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

These children live in East New York. In an area scarred with poverty and ignorance.

For miles around them are blocks of broken houses. Rubble-strewn streets. Unemployed, sad-looking men, standing on corners.

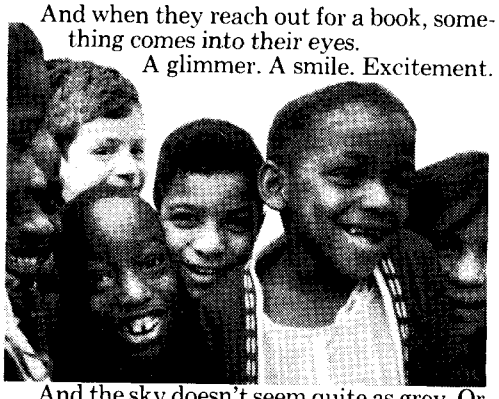
And teen-agers cutting school, with the look of junk and despair in their eyes.

And then, along comes the bookmobile. It's the newest, shiniest object in the neighborhood.

And the children line up eagerly to climb aboard.

And when they reach out for a book, something comes into their eyes.

A glimmer. A smile. Excitement.



And the sky doesn't seem quite as grey. Or the streets as sad. And the air is filled with the sound of their laughter and talk.

And the world might as well be born all over again.

What is that worth? Ask the librarians who man the bookmobile. They think it's worth quite a lot. That's why they're there.

Help them to keep this show on the road. And the many like it, in communities all across our nation.

Support your public library.
You've got a right to read.
And so do your kids.
Don't blow it.
National Book Committee Inc.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Hearing and Listening

ONE OF THE LARGEST minority groups in this nation's television audience is made up of those afflicted with varying degrees of deafness. Estimates indicate that there are at least ten million in this minority, a rather surprising 5 per cent of the population. Most of them watch television, but their enjoyment obviously is restricted. For a long time the Council of Organizations Serving the Deaf has asked the networks to provide captions or subtitles on selected programs, but the only response has been that from ABC, which presents emergency news bulletins in both aural and visual forms. The networks cite two reasons for not acting: the cost of captioning and the danger of losing viewers with normal hearing who would be bothered or distracted by the captions. The problem touches not only the conscience of the community but the difficult area in which majority and minority rights are balanced.

Public television broadcasters are probably the first who might undertake the balancing. They are committed not only by law but by their own intent and policy to serve the special needs of minority audiences. They could begin to experiment with the presentation of selected programs that are captioned for the deaf. A 1970 investigation, conducted by HRB-Singer, Inc., for the U.S. Office of Education's Bureau of the Handicapped examined the merits of alternative methods of coding TV programs for the deaf and also reported on a test, conducted over a cable television system in Pennsylvania, in which viewers with normal hearing were asked to comment after watching two captioned film programs. Though approximately 25 per cent of those queried reported some degree of distraction, the remaining 75 per cent said that the captions did not bother them or added to their enjoyment.

The results also showed that the more time these viewers spent watching the captioned films the less bothersome they found them. The latter finding has implications for network managers who fear audience erosion. When people watch a foreign film and don't understand the language, English subtitles help them; the titles probably also add to the enjoyment of persons in the audience who do understand the foreign language. It's a matter of making the unfamiliar the customary.

Public television could experiment with captioning in different program categories. In the HRB-Singer test, the viewers seemed bothered most by captions on those programs for which deaf people need them most—dramas with complicated plots, talks, news, and discussion shows. It is quite properly the obligation of public broadcasting to lead in experimentation and, through research, to develop a body of data that could help to formulate reasonable policy for commercial television.

The FCC recently issued an advisory notice on the deaf to commercial broadcasters. The commission suggested that stations explore the use of visual as well as aural techniques when airing emergency bulletins, news and weather announcements, and sports events. The FCC urged stations to rotate programs for the deaf in multi-station markets without fear of anti-trust violations. The commission said that rule-making may be necessary in the future if the licensees fail to act voluntarily. One proposal that the FCC might consider is the requirement that new programs, after their usual two first-run showings on the networks, should have captions put into them before they are syndicated on VHF or UHF stations, thus giving deaf viewers a backup opportunity to enjoy them to the full. If this were done, a fund of captioned programs could be built up.

Short of rule-making there is no reason why the FCC could not seek expert advice on how the needs of the deaf could be met without loss to normal viewers and gather information about costs, captioning techniques, and which programs would require adjustments in the use of frequencies and special modifications for home receivers. Public interest groups such as the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting and the Citizens Communication Center could explore how the deaf could be served by cable TV, video cassettes, and direct dialing of selected programs from computer banks. Sporadic efforts have been made in the past by individual commercial and educational broadcasters, but for the deaf minority the silence has been long enough. If television is our prime information and entertainment experience, then ten million Americans who need help in sharing it completely should no longer be ignored. Those who can hear but will not listen are also deaf. It is time that we listened—a dialogue between the deaf and the hearing can benefit both.

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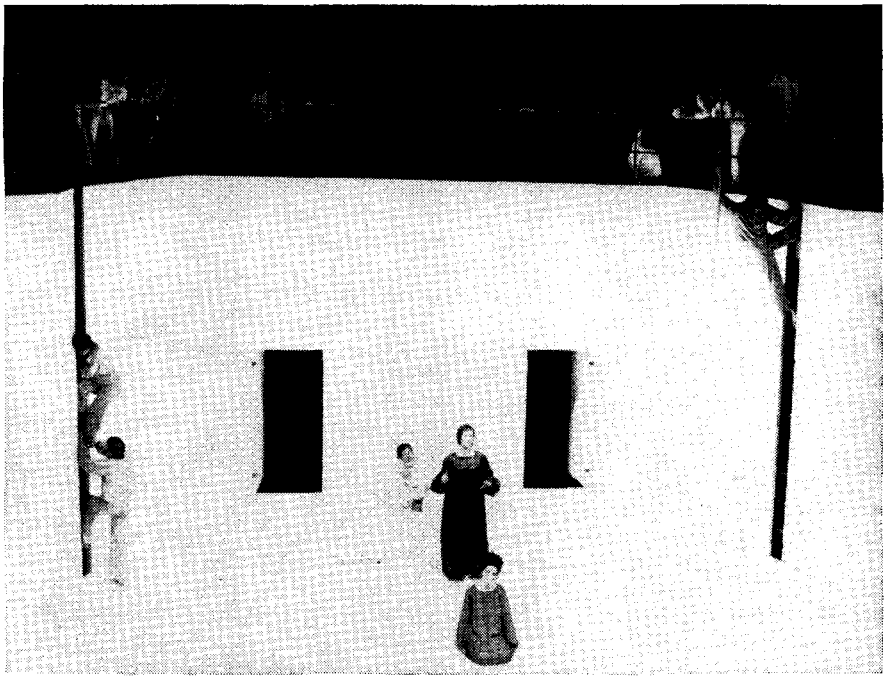
The Theater

Henry Hewes



—*David Farrell*

Sally Jacobs's simple but most theatrical set for Peter Brook's dazzlingly innovative Royal Shakespeare Company version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

A Dream for Mortals

PETER BROOK'S new Royal Shakespeare Company production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* manages to be immensely popular entertainment while practicing the highest standards of theatrical art. It sets out with the dedicated austerity one associates with productions at La Mama, announcing immediately that its approach will be non-literal and that Shakespeare's text will be used rather than illustrated.

Even before the players appear, this commitment is established by Sally Jacobs's setting. A large white box and two plain doors in the rear wall form the basic background. Above this, reachable by ladders, is a black balcony, a sort of elevated offstage area where actors and musicians can watch the onstage action. Clearly this is an artistic gymnasium, a three-dimensional blank canvas on which the performers will paint and erase.

With a roll of the drums, the players pour onstage, greet us, and assume their places for the opening scene. Theseus and his bride-to-be, Hippolyta, are dressed in bright-colored but simple robes as they discuss Theseus's anxiety about the four-day wait until his love can be consummated. To this concern is added the problem of Hermia, in love with Lysander, but commanded by her father to marry Demetrius, who is loved unrequitedly by Helena. And there is a group of workmen in modern work clothes, who are rehearsing a love tragedy for presentation at Theseus's nuptials.

Now the tale moves to the Athenian woods, which are created by actors on the balcony dangling coils of wire from fishing poles. The lovers remain themselves, but, as if in a dream, Theseus and Hippolyta have become Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of the Fairies, and Theseus's major-domo, Philostrate, has turned into Puck, a mischievous courier in pantaloons. They also are served by four fairies drably accoutered in gray.

Fairyland magic is imaginatively represented. Puck swings in on a trapeze. Titania is suspended on a red feather-upholstered stretcher. And Bottom is turned into an ass merely by the addition of donkey ears and a nose bulb. The saving grace of these stunts is that they are never illusionistic, but are always done in the "let's pretend" spirit of children's games. Furthermore, they are delightfully playful. For instance, when Puck passes the magic love potion to Oberon he does so by spinning a silver saucer on a stick and handing it to Oberon, who takes another stick and precariously juggles the still-revolving saucer on it.

Brook's direction is similarly playful, with the actors speaking lines while climbing ladders, running down the aisles, or hanging from trapezes. Occasionally, they even sing some of the dialogue to musical accompaniment. A splash of "oh, hell" spontaneity is added when Bottom calls for a calendar and someone throws it onstage. And most outrageous of all is the moment when the diminutive Hermia blocks Lysander's exit by hurling herself horizontally across the open doorway and remaining comically transfixed there by the force of Lysander's rush.

Since *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is about the frustrations of people who want to make love, Brook has not neglected the play's opportunities for physical lustiness. Helena begs Demetrius to love her while she lies on top of him. Oberon tempts Titania by caressing her belly. And most audacious is the scene in which Bottom becomes excited, and an erection is indicated by an actor's thrusting his bare arm through Bottom's legs. Indeed, it is made funnier still by having the actor bend his arm and snap it back straight every time Bottom roars "Hee-haw."

But beyond the fun and the artistic innovation of this production, there is a subtler virtue. Because every effort has been made to avoid prettiness and the artificial decorums the nineteenth-century theater enameled over the play, the characters now seem more vulnerable and genuine. As a result, a fresh beauty emerges naturally from Shakespeare's words, and we find ourselves moved gently by the compassionate way these flawed people deal with the disorder of love.

Because the acting tends to be either acrobatic or unvarnished, individual performers do not stand out. Occasionally Alan Howard, who plays Theseus, gives us a glimpse of the emotional power that gained him such praise for his performance of Hamlet in England last summer. David Waller, looking sometimes like Victor McLaglen and sometimes like Bert Lahr, makes Bottom an authentic working-class figure. And Frances de la Tour as the frustrated Helena achieves a marvelous moment when she works up her own sexual desire for Demetrius with the words she is angrily throwing in his face.

Obviously, this *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a milestone in the history of Shakespearean production. Because it lacks the searing agony of the same director's *Titus Andronicus* (with Olivier) and the profound sad-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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ENVIRONMENT
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The Responsibility of Congress

The White House is now completing the weaving together of its many diverse responsibilities for restoration and preservation of the environment. The Council on Environmental Quality is established as a shaper of policy; the Environmental Protection Agency is firmly in charge of integrating enforcement of anti-pollution laws; and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration is committed to exploration of future dangers and opportunities through scientific research. Only a data-collecting center and an intellectual frontier post assigned to blue-sky speculation about alternative directions for American society remain to be set in place before the grand design is finished.

Although President Richard M. Nixon did not originate all or even most of this reorganizational pattern for the executive branch of the government, he did carry out the plan and deserves applause for doing so. Indeed, were he so inclined, he could properly claim more credit than his critics in Congress have earned, for they have failed in their obligation to keep our system of government in balance.

A Joint Congressional Committee on the Environment is obviously the most effective mechanism for achieving and maintaining legislative parity with the executive. A resolution authorizing creation of such a committee was passed in slightly variant forms by the House and the Senate last year. The resolution said the committee would have no legislative authority but would receive the annual reports of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, conduct hearings on those reports, initiate hearings on matters of the committee's own choosing, and funnel executive agency recommendations and advice to the appropriate operating committees of the Congress.

Passage of the resolution was uneventful in both the House and the Senate. Those Democratic majority leaders who were not pushing it did not oppose it. But the resolution went to conference during the frayed-nerve ending of the 91st Congress in late December and foundered on the picayune question of whether a Senator or a Congressman would be the first to fill the alternating chairmanship of the joint committee. The traditional way of making such a decision was to toss a coin. But tempers were too far gone to discern the simplicity and eminently non-partisan character of that ancient device.

Strenuous efforts have been made in some quarters to blow the disagreement between the House and Senate conferees into dimensions far beyond the ones that actually prevailed. Much is being made of the fact that, as originator of hearings on proposals for overview of environmental problems several years ago, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine would almost certainly be the first chairman of the joint committee if the first chairmanship should go to the Senate. One of the House conferees, Republican Congressman H. Allen Smith of California, objected to any possibility of a Muskie chairmanship now because of the Maine Senator's 1972 Presidential aspirations. Smith bluntly told his fellow conferees that he accepted the need for an environmental forum in the Congress but could not accept the notion that the forum be used for the advancement of political ambitions.

But Congressman Smith was only one of the House conferees; he could have been outvoted by the representatives of the House Democratic majority if they had chosen to accept the issue as a partisan political challenge. So it is foolish to blame Congressman Smith. The real cause of failure to achieve a favorable conference report on a Joint Congressional Committee on the Environment was lack of sustained motivation.

A certain amount of impatience under the trying conditions of late December 1970 may be excused. But its continuance in 1971 cannot be condoned. What the country needs more than anything else in this opening year of the eighth decade of the twentieth century is a set of priorities that commands common respect, a summary statement of what it really means to be American. Do we want to be known as a peaceful people or a savagely violent people, devotees of spectacle and speed or of patient determination and a quiet and profound regard for our fellow humans? Is an SST as important to us as decent housing for the poor? Should railroads be exclusively freight handlers while people suffocate on stalled highways? Should we spend millions for medical care while spreading virus diseases through misconceived sewage systems that cost still more millions? Should geothermal power underground be neglected while the wild beauty of Alaska is disfigured by a pipeline to carry oil?

Immediately upon its appointment, a Joint Congressional Committee on the Environment would be in position to undertake assembly of a priority list that the legislators and the President would have to accept, improve upon, or be judged by at the polls for rejecting.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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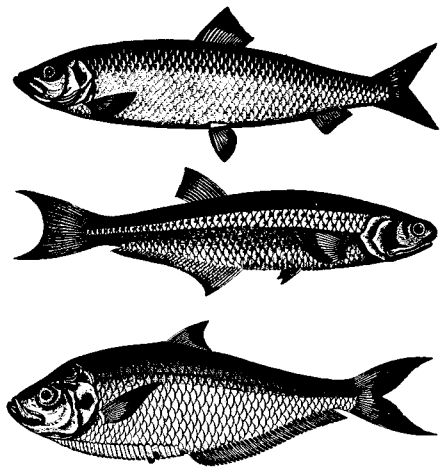
MERCURY: How Much Are We Eating?



—Bettmann Archive

After receiving repeated warnings from abroad, the Government of the United States is belatedly examining the question.

by PETER and KATHERINE MONTAGUE

Ernestine Huckleby, an eight-year-old black girl, fell from the monkey bar at school in Alamogordo, New Mexico, on December 4, 1969. She went home complaining of dizziness and pain. During the following week, she stumbled and staggered about so pathetically that her mystified parents, Ernest and Lois, robust people in their forties, took her to a hospital in El Paso, Texas. By that time, the girl had lost control of her voluntary body functions.

Two weeks later, Ernestine's brother Amos, fourteen, complained of pain in his neck. Overnight he, too, lost control of his muscles. He could see only straight ahead, as though he were looking through a tunnel.

The day after that, Ernestine went home from the hospital, in worsened condition. Her case had not yet been diagnosed. Two days before Christmas, she entered another hospital—Gerald Champion Memorial, in Alamogordo—having gone blind in the meantime. Her speech had slurred, and her muscles were more uncontrollable than ever.

On the day after Christmas, Ernestine's sister, twenty-year-old Dorothy Jean, began to stagger. So blurred was her vision that she had trouble seeing where she was going.

Two days after Christmas, Ernestine returned to the El Paso hospital, her illness still unidentified. That afternoon she drifted into a coma. The closest guess that any of the attending doctors could make was that she might be afflicted with viral encephalitis.

The new year 1970 was in its seventh day when District Health Officer Dr. George K. Fair, stationed at Las Cruces, reported to the New Mexico State Department of Health and Social Services (HSS) that three Alamogordo children in a family of ten had been stricken with a peculiar derangement of the central nervous system. Some of the family's hogs, Fair noted, had died of "the blind staggers."

On a hunch that the mysterious affliction might be a form of heavy metal poisoning, HSS Medical Service Division Director Dr. Bruce Storrs ordered samples of the sick children's urine dispatched to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's branch toxicology laboratory at Atlanta, Georgia. During the eleven days it took for the samples to be delivered and analyzed, Amos and Dorothy Jean Huckleby joined their sister Ernestine in the El Paso hospital. Amos was not only blind but deaf. He was so agitated that he had to be tied to his bed. After that, he lost consciousness. Dorothy Jean passed out of touch with the world in another way; she was raving.

The FDA lab at Atlanta reported high levels of methylmercury—the most deadly compound of the heavy silvery metal that fills thermometer and barometer bulbs—in all three of the hospitalized children.

Guided by Dr. Storrs's report of the hogs with "the blind staggers," state and federal health officials by mid-February were able to trace the source of the mercury to seeds eaten by a penful of hogs that Ernest Huckleby raised and butchered for his family table.

According to Huckleby, a laborer at the Alamogordo Air Force Base, he had found sacks of the seeds piled under a shed owned by the Golden West Seed Company in Texico, New Mexico. The sacks apparently had been discarded. Mice and rats had eaten through many of them, and heaps of spilled seeds covered the ground.

To prevent their destruction by fungus, the seeds had been coated with a methylmercury compound called Panogen. This coating had been dyed pink to show that it was poisonous. The Golden West employees told Huckleby the pink dye meant poison. Huckleby had heard that smoking cigarettes could cause cancer, but smoking had not killed him yet. So what was a little more poison? Besides, he wasn't going to eat the seeds—only his hogs would eat them. With the help of some of those who had tried to dissuade him, he loaded his truck twice with a total of five-and-a-half tons of free hog feed.

The full frightfulness of the price the Huckleby family paid for this cruelly illusory piece of economy became clear on Christmas Day 1970. Lois Huckleby had hoped to have all her children home with her to attend holiday services at Corinth Baptist Church near Alamogordo. Amos did come home for the day, in his wheelchair, wearing his dark glasses, his head bobbing uncontrollably. He was definitely out of a four-month-long coma, had regained some control over use of his tongue, and, with help, could take a step or two. His sister Dorothy Jean stayed at the Roswell Rehabilitation Center for Christmas, not feeling well enough to leave. But of all the crippled children, she had recovered best. Using crutches, she could walk 100 feet or so, in something less than ten minutes. With effort, she could talk. There was genuine hope that she could learn to feed herself again. Her sister Ernestine remained in Gerald Champion Memorial Hospital, where she recently woke from eight months of unconsciousness, blind and unable to speak. She smiles now when she hears visitors and plays with simple toys in her bed. The prognosis for her is dim, as doctors say it is for her infant brother, Michael, who was in the womb when his mother ate

PETER MONTAGUE, thirty-two, a free-lance journalist, is completing his doctoral thesis in American studies at the University of New Mexico. He served as a summer intern at Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law, where his wife, Katherine, was administrative assistant to the director.

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some of the pork from a slaughtered boar that had fed on the mercury-coated seeds. Michael entered the world blind.

How could such a dreadful interplay of carelessness and ignorance happen in modern America? Could it happen again? No reassuring answers to these questions have appeared anywhere since Chet Huntley and David Brinkley told the story of the tragedy on their National Broadcasting Company network television show of February 17, 1970.

Consider the events that immediately followed that broadcast. Within twenty-four hours, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Pesticide Regulation Division Chief Harry W. Hays (who has since been replaced) announced the conclusion of *ten years* of research on the environmental dangers of mercury pesticides. Was this a simple coincidence? Hays said he was canceling registration of seventeen alkylmercury fungicides, including Panogen. He telegraphed the Panogen manufacturer, Nor-Am in Chicago, asking that all available Panogen be recalled from dealers' shelves. Nor-Am balked, called the request economically ruinous, and got a protective injunction in U.S. District Court. USDA appealed the injunction. Philip Abelson, editor of *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in the issue of July 17 called mercury pollution "a substantial hazard," adding that the discovery was "a surprise to most scientists and apparently to federal authorities. However, there was ample reason for looking for such a phenomenon."

Editor Abelson put it mildly indeed. As long ago as 1950 bird watchers in Sweden had related high death rates among wild seed-eating birds (pheasant, partridge, pigeon, finch) to methylmercury coatings on seeds. And mysteriously fatal "epidemics" among humans had been tracked down to methylmercury-coated seeds in Iraq in 1956, in West Pakistan in 1961, and in Guatemala in 1963.

The record would be sorry enough if neglect of reasonable precautions had stopped in the fields and woodlands. However, the danger of methylmercury poisoning in agriculture is but a minor expression of a ubiquitous threat. We do not know how great a risk methylmercury is in our food supply today because the amount of the poison available has always been calculated on a misleading scale of measurement.

The extreme toxicity of mercury has been recognized and partly understood for more than a thousand years. Deaths from mercury poisoning have been reported in the United States since 1865—in the felt hat industry; in the scientific instrument manufacturing industry; in the mining of cinnabar, the ore from which mercury is extracted; in the manufacture of drugs, cosmetics, paints, pesticides, electric batteries, certain fluorescent and neon lights, electrical metering devices, carbon brushes for electrical apparatus, and chemicals such as caustic soda (sodium hydroxide), acetaldehyde, and certain plastics (urethane and vinyl chloride among others). In 1922, the Surgeon General of the U.S. Bureau of Mines said officially: "There is probably no industry, trade, or art in which mercury is used but what has produced some cases of mercury poisoning." Since then mercury consumption in the industrial world has risen rapidly. By 1940, it was skyrocketing.

Two kinds of mercury poisoning have long been familiar to the medical profession. One does reversible damage to the alimentary tract and kidneys. It comes from metallic mercury itself and from inorganic mercury compounds. The other kind of mercury poisoning inflicts irreversible damage on the brain and central nervous system. It originates with organic mercury compounds, the most deadly of which is methylmercury.

The inorganic compounds make up the great bulk of trade in mercury. It was believed for centuries that when these were disposed of in water they would remain at rest and virtually inert in heavy pools on the bottoms of whatever basins held the water.

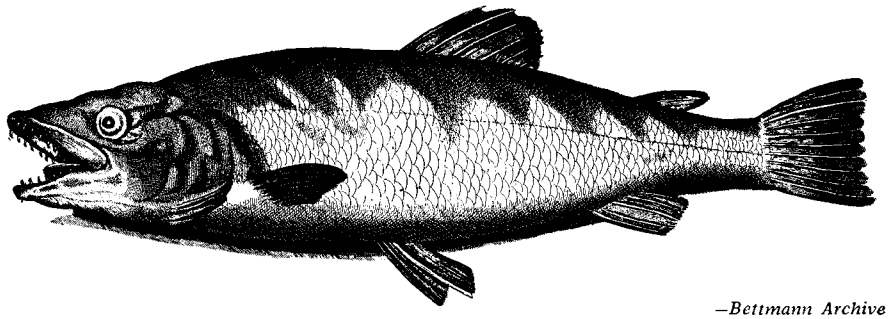
The first hint that the chemists did not fully understand mercury came from Japan between 1953 and 1960. During that period more than a hundred people died or suffered severe disabling after eating mercury-contaminated fish caught in Minamata Bay. The only known source of mercury on the bay was a plastics factory. The factory records indicated it was discharging only inorganic mercury. Yet chemical analysis of the poisoned fish showed almost pure organic methylmercury. The contradiction demanded an explanation and Japanese scientists set out to find one. Their search was cut short by the discovery that 1 per cent of the Minamata plastics factory effluent was methylmercury—apparently enough to explain the poisoned fish.

New effects of methylmercury emerged from the Minamata incident. Twenty-two children born of Japanese women who had eaten contaminated fish were severely retarded mentally, and suffered convulsive seizures. These babies were living proof that mercury can damage a fetus even though the poison is not eaten in sufficient quantities to damage the pregnant mother. Careful examination of the crippled children led at least one Japanese investigator to conclude that damage to some of the children had been due not to anything that happened during the fetal stage but to genetic changes that occurred in one or the other of the parents.

This was depressing news in Sweden, where mercury was turning up not only in increasing numbers of wild birds but in domestic hens' eggs and in fish. At first, the Swedes were not certain which mercury compound was involved. Late in 1965, however, Professor Gunnel Westöö announced that the mercury she found in eggs, fish, and some other meats was methylmercury. In that same year, a national mercury information conference in Stockholm brought together almost all the important Swedish investigators. They reported elevated levels of mercury in Swedish pork chops, beef, and bacon. Feathers of stuffed goshawks that had been placed in Swedish museum exhibits from 1900 to 1965 were analyzed. Feathers of the 1940s held four times as much mercury as those of 1900. Wide dispersion of mercury seemed beyond dispute. Most of it was methylmercury. Where was all this methylmercury coming from?

Professor Westöö offered a clue from her researches. Both fish and mammals, she said, could convert small amounts of inorganic mercury to methylmercury in their livers. Without offering proof, Dr. Alf Johnels and associate M. Olsson published an opinion that inorganic mercury could be converted into methylmercury by micro-organisms in anaerobic (oxygen-free) ecosystems such as mud on lake bottoms.

If this startling thesis were correct, every industrial user of mercury who dumped his relatively harmless inor-



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ganic wastes into streams and lakes might be depositing raw material for the creation of huge amounts of one of the most powerful poisons ever known.

Wherever the methylmercury was coming from, Swedish authorities decided something had to be done to control it. By royal ordinance, the Swedish Plant Protection Institute on October 15, 1965, severely restricted the use of methylmercury in agriculture, effective November 1. As of February 1, 1966, the Swedish Poison and Pesticides Board refused to register any alkylmercury compounds for agricultural uses, and a year and a half later extended this ban to the Swedish paper-making industry.

Although reduction of mercury's use in agriculture did not reduce crop yields, it did lower the amount of mercury in Swedish hens' eggs.

On January 24, 1966, the Swedes summoned an international symposium on mercury pollution in Stockholm. Five official delegates from the United States were there, including Dr. John L. Buckley as spokesman for the White House Office of Science and Technology (OST). OST is intimately linked with the Federal Council for Science and Technology, the agency charged with bringing important scientific questions to all executive departments simultaneously for action.

In spite of the Swedes' obvious alarm, the American delegates returned home with no sense that mercury environmental pollution might be a problem in this country. Looking back on the situation prevailing at that time, Dr. Buckley now suggests that the symposium failed to arouse its American participants because Sweden's mercury problem stemmed from only two sources—methylmercury seed dressings used in agriculture and methylmercury slimicides used in the paper industry. The Food and Drug Administration had required American paper makers to cut their use of mercury slimicides in 1964 (from 215,156 pounds in 1963 to 47,044 pounds in 1965). Therefore, Buckley explains, only Sweden's agricultural problem with mercury seemed to apply to the United States, and a few isolated bird kills seemed to be the worst that might be expected.

Actually, farmers in the United States were at that time using 400 tons of mercury pesticides on a total of 300 million acres, while Swedish farmers were using only two tons of mercury pesticides on a total acreage of 7.5 million. American use of mercury per acre was exceeding Swedish use per acre by a factor of forty. Furthermore, a memorandum in which Dr. Bengt Lundholm surveyed the whole mercury situation in Sweden had been circulated to participants before the 1966 symposium's opening day. This memo said the chlorine-caustic soda industry (also called the chlor-alkali industry) —not the paper industry—was Sweden's biggest industrial user of mercury. Anyone who looked at statistics on the American chlorine-caustic soda industry in 1966 would have found that it was the biggest single user of mercury in America, accounting for 15.1 per cent of all mercury consumed in the United States that year. Apparently, no one looked at these figures.

The only official American response to the Swedish symposium of 1966 was that the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife sampled a few pheasants and fish along the Atlantic seaboard late that year. Negative findings convinced the bureau to look no further.

This complacent attitude continued for four years, although the justification for it lessened progressively as time passed. By 1967, the Johnels-Olsson prediction that anaerobic bacteria would be found to methylate inorganic mercury in stream-bottom mud was confirmed by Drs. Arne Jernelöv and Sören Jensen. How the methylating was accomplished could not yet be explained. But the Swedish scientific community considered the problem such an urgent one that Dr. Carl Rosen took it with him when he left Stockholm for a year of teaching at the University of Illinois. At Illinois, he met the famous vitamin B researcher, Dr. J. M. Wood. On Rosen's recommendation, Wood applied for a $30,000 grant from the National Science Foundation to experiment with methylation of inorganic mercury in anaerobic ecosystems. NSF awarded the grant, and in short order Wood, Rosen, and a coworker, F. S. Kennedy, illuminated the findings of Jernelöv and Jensen. It was now certain that micro-organisms in mud—methano-bacterium omelanskii, to be exact—were able to digest metallic and inorganic mercury, turning it into poisonous methylmercury.

After the bacteria did their work, a long-understood process called organic complexing spread the methylmercury systematically throughout the aquatic environment. Algae ate the bacteria, and fish ate the algae. As the fish grew, so did the methylmercury in them, for the mercury had a half-life in fish of 200 days. That is, half of whatever amount was ingested stayed in the fish's body for 200 days, the remaining half stayed for 200 more days, and so on. The poison thus was concentrated thousands of times in the fish. Men who ate the fish retained half of the mercury for seventy days, retained half of the remaining half for seventy more days, retained half of that remainder for seventy more days, and so on. There was plenty of time for the poison to reach and attack the brain.

In April 1968, the Wood-Rosen-Kennedy team tried to broadcast this frightening news throughout the scientific community by publishing a report in *Science*. The report was declined. All such scientific reports are published only after approval by referees, and the names of the referees are kept secret. Consequently, the American people will never know the identities of the few scientists who blocked dissemination of one of the most important pieces of public health information of this century. A precious half year was lost before the British journal *Nature* could publish the news in October 1968. Here is a quotation:

> Methylmercury could be formed by both enzymatic and non-enzymatic reactions, thus making this cumulative poison available for incorporation into various organisms in the aquatic environment, and secondarily into terrestrial predators. The cumulative nature of mercury poisoning can be titrated [analyzed] in fish. The extensive survey performed in Sweden has prompted legislation on the use of organomercurials in agriculture in addition to close control of mercury pollution [from industry]. Similarly in Japan legislation was brought into effect after the Minamata disaster. We feel that the example set by these two countries should be followed

The Paradox of Mercury

IF WE ACCEPT the evolutionary teaching that all earthly life evolved from the sea, then mercury is a part of our evolutionary heritage. For the presence of mercury in seawater was demonstrated in 1799. Subsequent studies have found one or another form of mercury in all types of soils and in all kinds of foods. One of the most respected authorities on mercury in this country, Dr. Leonard J. Goldwater, professor of community health at Duke University, has assembled evidence which suggests that some mercury may be vital to all living organisms. He presented citations from scientific literature in support of this view at an international symposium on mercury at the University of Michigan last September, and has summarized the case in a book manuscript now in the hands of Harvard University Press.

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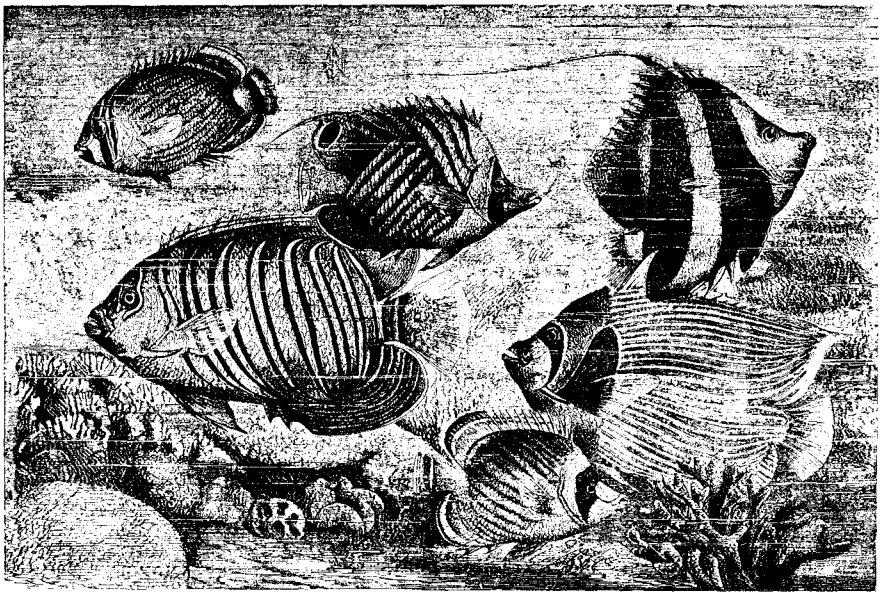
elsewhere before concentrations of mercury reach a point where methylmercury is being titrated in humans as well as fish.

United States officials apparently shared the *Science* editorial referees' opinion that this warning was not worth heeding. An attitude of indifference persisted. Not until two months after the popular science journal *Environment* (published in St. Louis, Missouri, inspired by biologist and pioneer environmental pollution fighter Barry Commoner, and supported by several philanthropic foundations) in its May 1969 issue summarized and interpreted the evidence from Japan and Sweden did the FDA finally adopt an "interim" maximum allowable concentration of mercury in food intended for human consumption. The limit was 0.5 part per million (ppm) in a *daily* diet and provided a safety factor of only 10 in contrast to FDA's usual safety factor of 100. A factor of 100 would have carried the acceptable maximum limit to 0.05 ppm—well below the 0.2-ppm level that the Swedes had found to represent the amount of mercury existing universally in nature. The World Health Organization in 1967 had escaped this dilemma by saying: "Modern studies of the distribution of mercury in human foods and beverages and in human tissues in different environments and at different ages are urgently required. Until the results of such studies are available it is not possible to set meaningful maximum permissible limits to dietary intakes of this element. Every effort should therefore be made to control and reduce this form of contamination of the environment and consequently of food." In that same year, the Swedes had made their effort in the recommended direction by setting a limit of 1 ppm and pegging this limit to a *weekly* diet.

Six months after the FDA action, the Huckleby tragedy occurred in New Mexico. FDA's unpreparedness was betrayed by the long delay in diagnosing the sickness of the three Huckleby children. Even after the diagnosis was made, there was no aggressive exploration of the possible extent of the mercury threat south of the Canadian border. North of the border, fortunately for all who live on both sides of it, a different attitude had prevailed for some time.

Dr. Robert Jervis, a University of Toronto chemist, had invented his own refinements on a method of neutron activation analysis that enabled identification of tiny amounts of metals in food. Mercury pollution seemed precisely the sort of invader he was prepared to detect. He had gone to Japan and to Sweden in order to gather the latest information on mercury poisoning. After returning to Toronto, he wrote to the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare in Ottawa in October 1966, warning of a possible mercury pollution threat to Canada and requesting a government grant to study the possible imminence of that danger.



—Culver

The grant was issued, and Canadian Health and Game officials watched Swedish research closely thereafter. The Food and Drug Directorate of the Department of Health and Welfare and the Fisheries Research Board of Canada both began translating and circulating short articles on mercury pollution written by Swedish specialists. These translations became available at regular intervals throughout 1967 and 1968.

J. Anthony Keith, chief of the toxic chemicals section of the Canadian Wildlife Service, was one of several Canadian officials involved in dissemination of the translations. In November 1967, Keith received a visitor from Western Ontario University at London, Ontario: Professor William Holsworth. Holsworth was hunting a worthy project for the Ph.D. thesis of one of his graduate students, Norvald Fimreite. Keith suggested to Holsworth that Fimreite apply for a grant to study mercury in Canadian fish and wildlife. Fimreite got the grant in May 1968 and began field work at once.

In that same month, FDA officials from Washington discussed mercury pollution with Swedish scientific delegates to a Netherlands conference of the Codex Alimentarius Commission, a U.N. affiliate. According to Richard Ronk, now the mercury project officer in FDA's office of compliance, FDA at that time considered a program of monitoring foods, especially fish, for mercury content. But scarcity of FDA funds, low per capita consumption of fish in America, and acceptance of shellfish as a reliable index of all fish contamination persuaded FDA to postpone the study.

Although Fimreite had much less money than FDA, he was less intimidated by obstacles and assumptions than he was determined to discover the facts, and he proceeded with his slow, methodical survey. On March 20, 1970, one month and three days after the Huntley-Brinkley broadcast of the Huckleby tragedy, Fimreite released to the press a letter he had mailed the day before to Canadian Wildlife Service officials, describing levels of mercury as high as 7.09 ppm—fourteen times more than the safety limit fixed by the FDA in the previous July—in fish caught in Lake St. Clair, which connects Lake Huron with Lake Erie.

March 20 was a Friday. On Monday of the following week, FDA's Detroit office began investigating the extent of the danger that Fimreite's research had indicated. The provincial government of Ontario, Canada, didn't wait; it closed its side of Lake St. Clair to commercial fishing on Tuesday. FDA soon located two sources of mercury in the area—one a Dow Chemical chlor-alkali factory at Sarnia, Ontario; the other a Wyandotte Chemical plant at Wyandotte, Michigan. FDA's findings were not wrapped up for a week, however, and another week passed before the state of Michigan closed its side of Lake St. Clair to commercial fishing. Soon after that, Manitoba Province closed all or parts of its principal lakes and streams to fishing. By April 13, Ohio had closed its portion of Lake Erie to commercial fishing. On April 30, Michigan closed its part of Lake Erie to all so-called "high-money" com-

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mercial fishing—walleye, white bass, sheepshead, and catfish; the only remaining commercial fishing was for "low money" carp.

On April 10, FDA had announced inauguration of a country-wide study to determine: 1) particular areas of concentrated mercury pollution in United States waters, 2) actual levels of mercury in sport and commercial fish caught in those waters, and 3) mercury levels in imported fish. But when Ohio asked for a measure of mercury in the waters of Ohio, a shameful discovery was made: HEW's Bureau of Water Hygiene had no safety level for mercury content of drinking water. A "tentative" standard of .005 ppm (5 pp billion) was quickly adopted. Then the bureau found that its equipment was inadequate to detect such tiny amounts of mercury. The bureau's chief chemist, Dr. Benjamin Pringle, said: "We were caught with our methods down."

Although FDA had said the investigation announced on April 10 would be completed by mid-September, the agency apparently was preoccupied, as usual, with the drug aspects of its responsibilities at the expense of appropriate attention to controls over food safety [see "Danger of Cancer in Food," *SR*, Sept. 5, 1970]. The public's first notice of anything like a crackdown on mercury contamination came on September 30 with an announcement that FDA was recalling a form of non-prescription medicine—25,000 vitamin pills sold over the counter in health food stores as a blood builder and laxative. The pills contained biological material from freeze-dried livers of seals shot in the waters off Alaska's Pribilof Islands. Mercury levels in the pills ran as high as 30 ppm by weight.

On October 26, the so-called "market basket" test that FDA makes periodically was focused to encompass thirty-four samples of each of ten foodstuffs: flour, nonfat dry milk, sugar, potatoes, raw ground beef, chicken breasts, shrimp, beef liver, hens' eggs, and fluid whole milk. By mid-December analysis of the first six foods indicated no mercury residues in any of the samples, FDA said.

The FDA mercury project officer, Richard Ronk, confused mothers everywhere by announcing, on October 30, that

> Several states in the West have already announced that all pregnant women should avoid fish from contaminated areas. I think this is a good idea because we don't know how much mercury is a hazard to a fetus.

The confusion arose from the fact that the FDA had not even included fish (except shrimp) in the market basket study.

As an analytical chemist, Professor Bruce McDuffie, a member of the faculty of the State University of New York at Binghamton, understood the association between the size of fish and the degree of concentration of mercury in them. He took a can of tuna from the pantry at home and analyzed the meat in his laboratory. He reported on December 4 that the level of mercury in the tuna was 0.75 ppm.

Eleven days later, FDA Commissioner Charles Edwards publicly announced that he was asking for removal of one million cans of tuna from grocers' shelves. A supporting statement issued by FDA said that the commissioner's request was based on examination of 138 samples of tuna that averaged 0.37 ppm of mercury. The highest level found among these samples was 1.12 ppm. FDA calculated that 23 per cent of the 900 million cans of tuna processed in 1970 actually contained levels of mercury above the officially allowable 0.5 ppm.

Commissioner Edwards stressed that the tuna he had ordered off grocers' shelves was really "absolutely" safe to eat. He said, "the guideline [0.5 ppm] offers a substantial margin for safety."

If it is judged by the likelihood that thousands of fish-eating Americans will come down with gross symptoms of mercury poisoning, the FDA standard perhaps is "very cautious" and tuna is perhaps "absolutely" safe to eat once or so a week. But when judged by the possibility of birth defects, of cancer, of chromosomal aberrations, the FDA standard is anything but cautious.

Last Christmas Eve, FDA was a source of news reports that 89 per cent of all swordfish now on sale in the United States may contain mercury above the permissible 0.5-ppm level. But again FDA officials asserted, "There is no cause for alarm." At the same time, however, FDA Deputy Commissioner James Grant said that "regular consumption" of swordfish would be an "unnecessary and avoidable risk."

During the week after Christmas, Barry Commoner told delegates to the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that FDA "appears to be minimizing the hazard" of mercury. Others have suggested that the agency may only have been very inept in its failure to acknowledge candidly how little it really knows about mercury.

How much does anyone know about mercury, aside from its repeatedly demonstrated deadliness? In the natural state on Earth's surface, it is a silvery liquid thirteen-and-a-half times as heavy as water. Mercury is, in fact, the only metal that occurs as a liquid at ordinary Earth surface temperatures. The liquid turns into a gas readily, and enters the atmosphere from volcanoes and hot springs. Rain and snow scrub the air, depositing mercury in rivers, lakes, and oceans, as well as on the land. Erosion of the land deposits still more mercury in the water. Man in these ways has always been exposed to certain small amounts of mercury and has learned to live with them, even to use them as medicine. Much more mercury escapes from oil wells, sulfur and bituminous coal mines; from combustion of oil and coal, and from exhaust stacks of gold, lead, and cadmium smelters. Consequently, man's own activities have multiplied his exposure to mercury. The greater part of this exposure has occurred in the Northern Hemisphere, where modern industrial civilization is concentrated. These human activities have also exposed other animals and birds to mercury, and man has neglected to observe how mercury affects

Why Tuna and Swordfish?

As Peter and Katherine Montague point out in adjoining columns, the danger of mercury poisoning in fish generally increases with the size of the fish. To provide an adequate number of marketable cuts, swordfish must run upward of 100 pounds in weight. Therefore, the chances are high that swordfish will remain off the market in this country because of the mercury threat.

There is a greater chance that tuna supplies will be less curtailed for the following reasons.

Tuna meat is classified by its color, with the white meat of albacore most popular, then the progressively darker meat of the yellow fin, the skipjack, the big eye, and the blue fin.

Albacore average 45 pounds, yellow fin 150 pounds, skipjack 13 pounds, big eye 235 pounds, and blue fin somewhat more than big eye.

The original sample that caused the U. S. Food and Drug Administration to order a million cans of tuna off the market shelves was made up largely of yellow fin. All samples of big eye and blue fin taken since Norvald Fimreite's alert of March 20 have measured above FDA's 0.5-ppm danger level.

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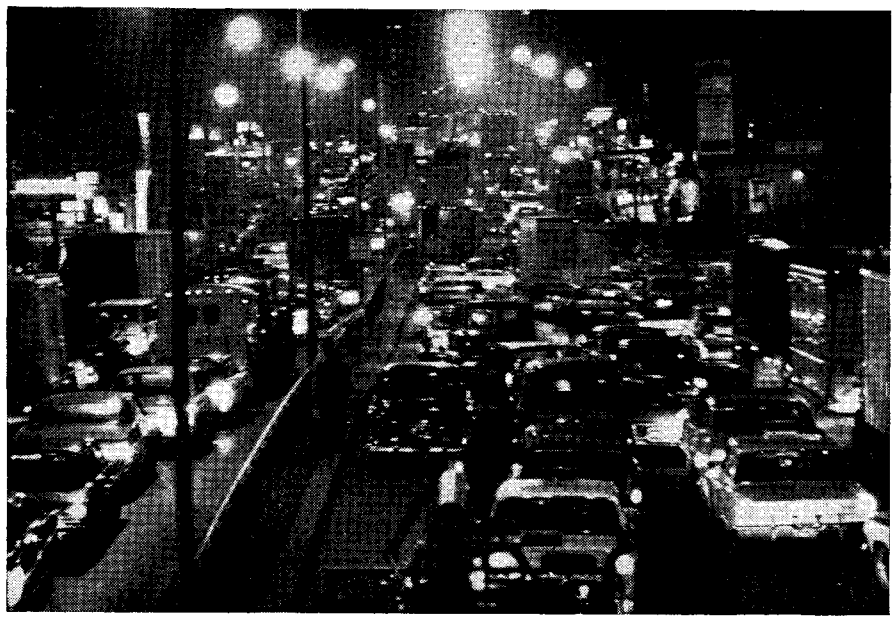
them. He has not studied his own reactions to mercury carefully enough to tell whether his increasing exposure to small amounts of the metal may be responsible for his growing nervousness, irritability, skin ailments, insomnia, memory lapses, and emotional derangements.

In the first annual report of the White House Council on Environmental Quality last August, concern over mercury pollution was explicitly expressed. Since then, the CEQ staff has prepared a report on the subject and drafted control legislation for presentation to the 92nd Congress. Few details of the proposed law are available for public discussion, but it is known that a continuing inventory of mercury's disposition is contemplated and that industry will be required to prove its practices safe and to find substitutes for mercury wherever possible. Nothing short of these requirements should be accepted by the people, whose right to institute legal action to enforce the requirements should be clearly confirmed.

Whether through this law or otherwise, research funds should be authorized for study of ways to neutralize the pools of castoff mercury that now lie on the bottoms of waterways. Dredging the stuff up would only spread it around and probably intensify its effects. Burying the mercury under layers of inert rock is reported to have worked well in one small lake in Sweden; what would happen if this method were applied to larger bodies of water is not known. Another possibility might be to mix one or more chemicals with the mercury to render wastes immune to methylation by bacteria.

Methylmercury pesticides such as those that visited tragedy on the Huckleby family have been largely (though not yet entirely) withdrawn from the American market in response to various government orders and court actions. But we still don't know how much mercury we are eating and won't know until rigorous testing standards are applied. Assurances by scientific panels that "overt" poisoning isn't likely are hardly enough to go on. Victor Lambou of the Federal Water Quality Administration (now part of the new Environmental Protection Agency) has said that "the mercury they've managed to find represents a minimum level; they'll find more as they look further." Speaking of wildlife, Dr. Oliver Cope, of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, has said: "We have grave doubts about the sampling that has been done. We strongly suspect that the methods in many cases have been inadequate. We must survey the situation systematically, and that will take time—a year anyway."



—*Pix*

Exhaust from idling auto motors rarely shows but always hurts us.

THE THREAT OF THE UNSEEN

Invisible particles suspended in the atmosphere are more dangerous than those we can see.

by VINCENT J. SCHAEFER

One of the puzzling aspects of currently increasing air pollution is the origin of the pollution. It isn't at all obvious where the dirt is coming from. What are the sources that at times reduce airplane visibility all the way from Denver to New York, from Washington to Montreal, and from Los Angeles to Phoenix and to Albuquerque?

Many people still suffer from the delusion that visible plumes from smokestacks, incinerators, airplanes, and automobiles are exclusively to blame. This misunderstanding has been abetted by pollution-control laws directed at offenders that can be easily detected. In a sense, the control laws have made the problem a more serious one.

It is possible to make a visible source invisible to all but the most knowledgeable observers by passing large-particle volatile smoke through a hot flame or by diluting the smoke with a large amount of air. Unfortunately, the flame aggravates the air pollution problem by oxidizing the nitrogen contained in all natural air, thus adding nitrogen oxide poison to the air. Diluting the smoke with cleaner air tends to make the particles smaller; even the larger particles become less visible due to decreasing contrast between the plume and its background.

The role that small invisible particles may play in health is not at all clear. It is very easy to show, however, that the majority of such particles that reach the lungs *remain there.* At the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center of the State University of New York at Albany, we have designed a repeatable experiment to demonstrate this fact.

A bag of air is obtained from the vicinity of an idling automobile. A typical sample taken from a one-cubic-meter bag of such air contains a small-particle concentration of 126,000 per cubic centimeter. Air is inhaled from

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this bag through the nostrils into the lungs and then exhaled through the mouth into a second bag. The air transferred to the second bag shows a concentration of 42,000 cc, depending on how deep a breath is taken. Thus, 66 per cent of the small particles have been removed by the breather's respiratory system.

The detection of invisible particles is easily accomplished. The air containing them is drawn into a small receptacle and there moistened with water vapor. The air sample is then suddenly released into a smaller adjoining chamber where the air pressure is lower. Because of the reduced pressure, the air sample expands. When this happens, the water molecules instantly condense on the particles floating unseen in the air. The greater the change in pressure, the more likely it is that all particles in the air will have water molecules condense on them. Thus, particles as little as one-half of a millionth of an inch in size can be forced to grow to visible droplets.

One instrument we have built especially to detect invisible particles suspends a cloud of droplets between a source of light and a photoelectric cell. A parallel beam of light shines from the light source through the cloud to the photocell on the other side of the cloud. The photocell is hooked up to a needle that moves across a dial calibrated to show the number of particles per cc. The instrument has a measurement range of 100 to more than 1,000,000 particles.

Using this device, our research center group has obtained many interesting findings. For example, measurements obtained in the middle of the Pacific Ocean show the total concentration of all particles to be about 200 cc. Similar values can be found in the polar regions, near the base of the stratosphere, and occasionally on mountain summits when they are flooded with air from the polar regions. We now consider 200 particles/ccm to represent the global background of the lower atmosphere. Anything above this number can be interpreted as some degree of pollution.

A measurement I made on the fourteenth floor of the Summit Hotel, on Lexington Avenue at 51st Street in New York City, showed 170,000 particles/cc on Tuesday morning, December 3, 1970, and 111,000 particles that evening. The following afternoon showed an average value of 126,000/cc at the same location. The particle number inside the hotel room ranged from one-fifth to one-third of the number outside.

At 7:05 o'clock on the morning of the next day, in the back yard of my home, upwind of Schenectady, the particle number was 15,000, while two hours later in the Adirondacks near Gore Mount the number was 5,200/cc. Quite frequently at that isolated spot, the concentration of small particles is about 500/cc.

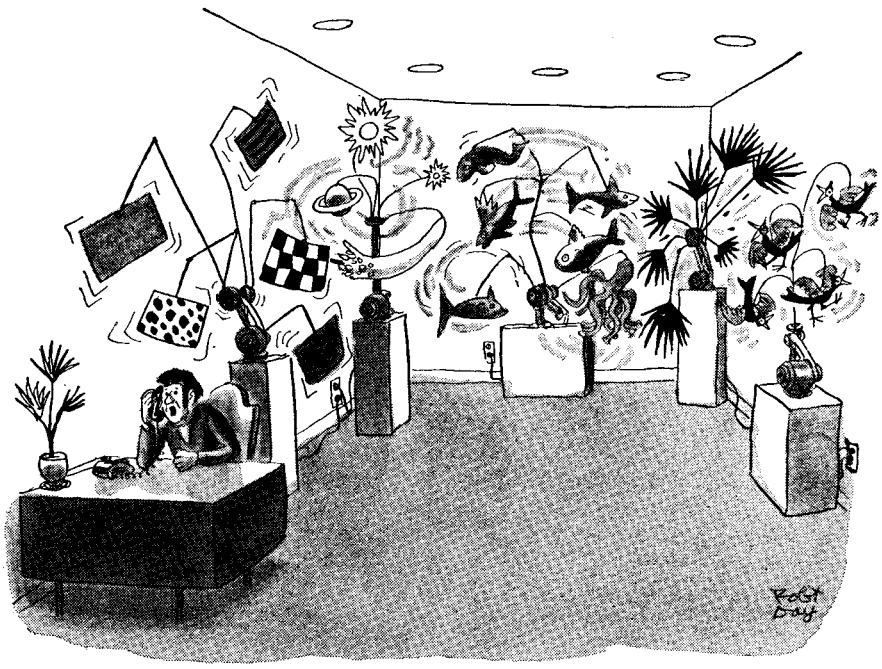
Recently, we have been monitoring small local environments, using an instrument that measures the number of small particles at the rate of one sounding per second. When put to work inside a modern auto, this tool immediately calls attention to the very large number of particles brought in from the outside through the ventilator. The phenomenon is particularly noticeable while following another car. Even with the ventilator closed, the internal environment of most cars will quickly reflect the pollution level of the highway. This, apart from other reasons, should discourage drivers from tailgating.

Unless a strong wind is blowing at right angles to a highway, a high concentration of pollution pervades the region through which the highway passes, and persists for remarkably long periods even on days that seem to be characterized by brisk air movement. Even along highways cutting through farmlands and woods, the pollution level is high and nearly inescapable, especially along our interstate roads. For example, while on a highway in the Adirondacks, we were puzzled by concentrations in excess of 50,000/cc particles when the mountain air background was less than 2,000/cc. Finally, on a long, straight stretch of road, we could see the source of the pollution—a small pickup truck nearly a mile ahead of us. The striking variable noted in this particular situation was the very high concentration persisting in every small dip of the road.

These observations reinforce what we already know about the automobile as a major polluter of the atmosphere. In a city free of heavy industry, motorcar exhaust is said to constitute at least 60 per cent of all the air's burden. Here again one is confronted by invisible particles. If a plastic bag is held to catch the exhaust of an idling car, the bag within a second will be found to contain at least 100 trillion particles. This is aside from the carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, nitrogen oxides, other oxides, and the unburned hydrocarbons emitted in gaseous form.

Since autos are most efficient when traveling in the speed range of 40-60 miles per hour, it is obvious that slow-moving traffic, wherever it may be, is a very potent source of air pollution. The ultimate in air pollution insult occurs in heavily traveled streets and in poorly ventilated vehicular tunnels. Recently, in Pittsburgh, while unsuccessfully seeking evidence of substantial improvement in air pollution in that area, I measured the particulate levels in the Squirrel Hill and Pitt Tunnels. In both, the instruments immediately went off-scale—beyond 10,000,000 particles/cc. A few hours before, in the vicinity of Indiana, Pennsylvania, I had measured a concentration of 5,600/cc. This is a strong argument for severely limiting the number of autos within a city and establishing efficient traffic-flow patterns wherever cars do operate.

Where passenger buses park at the terminals of their routes while awaiting departure on new runs, and where large trucks park for loading or unloading, engines should not be allowed to idle for more than a minute but should be shut off. In regions where



"Con Edison? Hang in there, for God's sake, hang in there."

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the climate is cold, engine idling is often defended as necessary to produce heat in passenger buses, or as an intelligent alternative to restarting a large engine frequently. Auxiliary power plants may have to be designed to provide the stand-by facilities needed for some special conditions. In general, however, it is likely that objections to reducing the practice of idling are of little importance compared to the damage produced by the idling.

Similar criticism can be directed at airplane operating practices. During several recent trips by plane in the eastern United States, I have measured the level of small particles in passenger cabins of jet airliners. On airport roads and during plane loading, the particulate levels ranged from 80,000/cc to more than 1,000,000/cc. Upon takeoff, the cabin air rapidly became cleaner as air brought through superchargers from outside the ship—with values of 320/cc to 500/cc—diluted the high concentration of particles that had flooded the cabin while the plane was parked.

Our measurements invariably show that the small-particle pollution levels at metropolitan airports are as high as they are in the centers of the cities the airport serves. Obviously, prevailing plane-parking and engine-idling practices at airports should be changed. It is fantastically wasteful and abusive of the atmosphere to have ten to thirty large jet planes in a line waiting for takeoff, with all engines running at low efficiency. New procedures should be developed whereby no aircraft is allowed to leave its gate until the pilot has been cleared for immediate takeoff. This sort of scheduling could be done without difficulty.

Our studies of very small particles and their effects have led us into the home and to the wood-burning fireplace. Most people, instead of objecting to the smell of smoke from burning wood, react in an opposite manner. A fire burning on a hearth almost always provokes enthusiastic reaction. Despite the fantastic cost of firewood in our larger cities, many persons, even those who live in apartments, still make the effort to have an evening fire.

What are the scientific parameters of the effluent of a fireplace as compared to those of automobile fumes?

In terms of bulk, a typical fireplace burning hard maple logs consumes about thirty-two pounds of wood in an hour. This is the equivalent by weight of the gasoline burned by a standard-sized automobile operating with a fuel consumption of fifteen miles to the gallon and running at 60 miles per hour for an hour.

During one hour, I estimate that an ordinary fireplace puts into the atmosphere 30 trillions of smoke particles having an average cross section of about 0.3 micron. A standard automobile produces about a hundred times more particles than that. The auto exhaust particles are invisible, having a cross section about a tenth the size of the particles in the blue smoke that goes out the fireplace chimney.

"Martha, shape up or ship out!"

Should we begin to look deeper into the fireplace just as we have intensified our scrutiny of motorcar fumes and factory chimney exhaust? What might we discover?

Exploration of this question could bring us into an interesting area. The cave or rock shelter that housed our ancient ancestors probably had a heavy loading of wood smoke, enhanced by the odor of broiling meat. By contrast, the modern home, transportation, and working environment for most people is of a very "unnatural" sort, consisting of exotic chemical odors (printers ink, detergents, aerosol sprays, deodorants) floating about, with fibrous particles from rugs, blankets, draperies and clothes. Other constituents are chemical dusts, lead residues from car exhaust, particulates from bubbling air conditioners, smog brought in from the urban world outside, and the smoke of our neighbor's cigarette.

Is it any wonder that so many of us wake in the morning with a dry throat or a hacking cough? Or that sore throat, bronchitis, and emphysema are endemic in many places—an increasing threat to our well-being?

During the last several years I have been measuring the levels of small particles inside my own home and comparing the results with those observed on a hillside a hundred feet or so away. Much of the time the outside air is moving up from the river flats, an area that is still farmland. I find that, in general, the inside of my home replicates the outside values to a remarkable degree. This is especially true in my basement laboratory and in my upstairs office, both several rooms away from the kitchen where local sources may exist. There is sometimes a lag of an hour or so if the values are in progress of doubling or tripling the common value.

However, I have found that the air in motel and hotel rooms I stay in while traveling tends to be cleaner than the outside air in cities or along highways. This is especially true if there is a refrigeration-type air conditioner in the room, or if the air comes from a central control. As a general rule, it may not be wise to open motel or hotel windows if the guest is concerned about particulate pollution.

The subject is a most complicated one and needs much more study. Until the people and their legislative representatives understand the subtle roles played by small particulates in our lives, I doubt that we will solve our environmental dilemmas no matter how much money we spend. Unlike water pollution, the sources of which can generally be identified easily, the small particles and gases in polluted air are controlled hardly at all by gravitational forces. Once they enter the atmosphere, their residence time is likely to range from a month to several years. The only important way they are removed from the atmosphere is through precipitation, in which they serve as nuclei for either cloud droplets or ice crystals.

Long before the general population suffocates from deterioration in air quality, other effects will develop. Chronic respiratory infections, inadvertent climate modification, an ever increasing restriction in visibility of distant objects, and more persistent fogs and cloudiness will be portents of serious trouble. I hope and believe we can alter course before these manifestations become a way of life on our planet.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Good Riddance to Auto Hulks

HOLLAND, MICH. ABANDONED AUTOMOBILES are as American as apple pie. Between 2.5 and 4.5 million of them litter the national landscape. The technology to reclaim these discarded vehicles exists. It depends primarily on the automobile shredder, a costly permanent installation that swiftly fragmentizes stripped car hulks into small metal flakes that can be recycled.

Big scrap yards, located in major population centers, can afford these multimillion-dollar machines. And big cities with easy access to the machines have used them to make some headway in disposing of abandoned cars. But adapting the technology successfully to rural areas far from the big shredders has remained a problem.

Rising to the challenge, a medium-sized scrap yard, Padnos Iron and Metal Company, in this western Michigan city of 26,000, recently installed its own version of the automobile fragmentizer to service rural communities at a profit. The automated machinery in the Padnos system isn't new, but the assembly of the component parts and the cost of the installation—less than $1-million, including pollution control devices—are said to be unique.

At the Padnos yard, flattened cars (with tires, engines, transmissions, gas tanks, and radiators removed) are fed into a pre-shredder whose steel teeth tear the hulks down into 400-pound chunks. The chunks move to a ring mill that shreds them into pieces the size of a man's fist. The fragments then pass to a magnetic separator where non-ferrous metal, glass, rubber, upholstery, and carpeting are eliminated. From there the ferrous metal goes into an incinerator where remaining inflammable materials are burned off. The end product is fragmented ferrous metal, said to be of sufficiently high refinement to be sold as scrap for steel mills. To hold down pollution, a dust-collecting unit sucks up particulate matter at the shredding machine, and scrubbing devices clean the smoke from the incinerator.

The entire process takes two minutes per car. Working on a one-shift basis, the Padnos yard estimates it will be able to fragmentize about 65,000 cars a year.

The 2.1-million-pound machinery, dubbed the "iron monster," can also process discarded appliances such as refrigerators, washers, dryers, freezers, and hot water heaters, thereby reducing the amount of acreage needed for landfill.

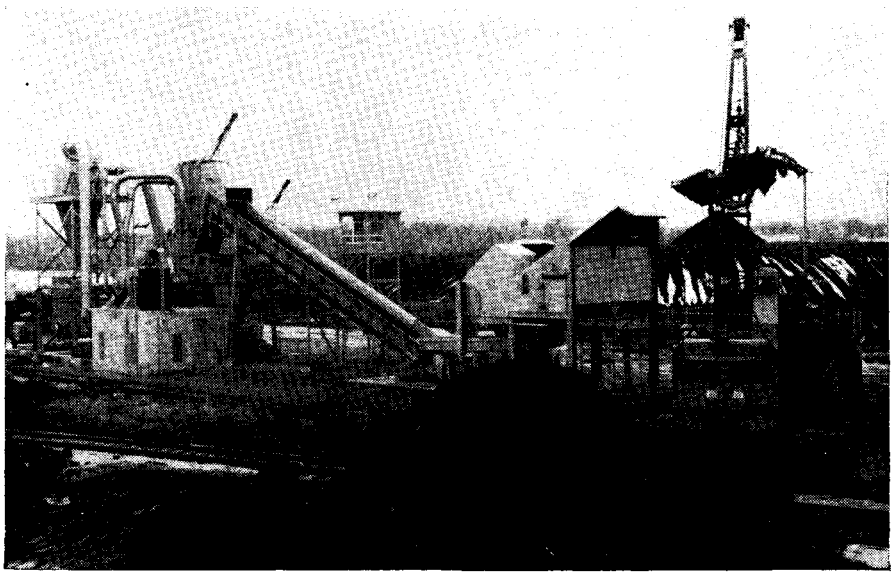
To keep the raw material flowing, Padnos operates a flattener truck over a twenty-four-county area. Moving from one auto wrecker yard to another, the truck flattens car hulks into "mattresses" on the spot and hauls thirty or forty per trip back to the shredder.

Also concerned with the junk-car problem is the General Motors Corporation, which ran a two-month test project this summer in Traverse City, a northern Michigan resort community of about 17,500, to see whether an entire area could be cleared of abandoned cars.

Heavily advertised, and promoted by the local Chamber of Commerce, the project operators invited donors to inform the five GM dealers in the area of the whereabouts of their scrap cars. The dealers paid auto wreckers to haul the cars in, and GM picked up the tab. Once the cars got to the wreckers, they entered the normal reclamation cycle, ending up as shredded scrap and sold to steel mills and foundries, some of which are owned by GM.

In two months' time, General Motors says it collected 6,000 tons of junked cars, fifty-seven tons of engines and parts, and, as an unexpected bonus, 100 tons of refrigerators and stoves, 148 tons of miscellaneous metals (from barbed wire to bed springs), and 25 tons of old cans.

Based on its experience at Traverse City, GM believes that any small community with a real desire to rid itself of abandoned cars can do so. Success depends on motivating the car owners and on building effective community organization. GM also maintains that if the cost of hauling cars to central collection sites can be kept down to $5 a car, the community should break even. GM began its test by paying some auto wreckers as much as $17 a car, but it quickly renegotiated those contracts.



—*Joel's Studio*

"Iron monster" shreds flattened cars into small pieces in two minutes.

Colleges Fight Air Pollution

RESEARCH TRIANGLE PARK, N.C. SELECTED UNIVERSITIES across the nation have begun to join forces on a regional basis to train students to cope with the problems of air pollution prevention and control and to conduct cooperative research on the subject. The mechanism for bringing the colleges together to share their resources, faculties, and students is the consortium. Two consortiums have already been formed, and two more are in the advanced planning stage.

The idea for this growing movement is credited to Dr. Harry P. Kramer, director of manpower development for the federal Air Pollution Control Office (APCO), who hopes that new approaches and solutions to environmental problems will emerge as specialists from different fields and different institutions start working together.

The first official consortium came into being a year ago when the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Duke University, and North Carolina State University signed an agreement here at the APCO's testing laboratory.

In its first year, the Triangle University Consortium initiated a course

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on air pollution meteorology for graduate students and personnel from local pollution control offices, ran a symposium attended by about 100 domestic and foreign participants, and began a study for APCO of air pollution control in the state of North Carolina.

The second "clean air" university consortium was formed last November by seven New England colleges: Boston University, Harvard, the Lowell Technological Institute, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Northeastern University, Tufts, and the University of Massachusetts. This consortium is currently in the process of proposing a formal program for funding. A third consortium—covering universities in Southern California, Nevada, and Arizona—is expected to be organized momentarily. A fourth group centered in the Chicago area and including Minnesota and Wisconsin expects to go into operation this spring.

Kramer anticipates the formation of additional consortiums in the next year or two, possibly in the New York area, the Gulf area, the Northwest, and the Rocky Mountain area. Ultimately, he hopes a total of at least ten university groups focused on air pollution will be functioning across the country. They will train students to enter government control agencies, industry, and the academic world. They will provide backup for municipal and state agencies. And they will conduct basic laboratory research of general applicability and field research that capitalizes on the particular conditions prevailing at a given site.

U.N. Monitors World Air

GENEVA.

AN INTERNATIONAL network of air monitoring stations has gone into action under the sponsorship of the World Health Organization, a United Nations agency with headquarters here.

The network consists of twenty government air pollution laboratories in various parts of the world, three regional centers (in Moscow, Tokyo, and Nagpur, India), and two international centers (in Washington and London).

Local stations will make reports listing monthly average and maximum levels of sulfur dioxide and suspended particulate matter in the ambient air of heavily industrialized areas. These two pollutants were selected for study at the start because the techniques for measuring them do not require expensive or sophisticated equipment. It is also known that in combination, especially when there is an accompanying high level of photochemical smog, they can have serious health implications. Similar listings for oxidants, carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides, and lead—pollutants related to automobile exhaust—will be added in the future. WHO headquarters will analyze the data and distribute its findings to the 127 member states of the United Nations.

The purpose of the undertaking is to establish internationally acceptable safe levels of pollution and to enable developing nations to profit from the experience of their industrially developed co-members.

Environment Landmark in Japan

TOKYO.

ALONG WITH phenomenal industrial growth, this country has experienced acute and almost uncontrolled pollution of its land, air, and water. Government policy has traditionally favored business encouragement over such domestic programs as urban renewal and environmental controls. But mounting public criticism finally forced the government of Premier Eisaku Sato to shift priorities.

In an extraordinary session of the Diet convened at the end of last year, the government introduced fourteen pollution control bills. These passed both houses after modifications were made to placate industrial interests. Although the measures are not as strong as environmentalists had hoped, together they embody a modern Japanese landmark.

One controversial law for the first time makes it a crime for any person to "produce a substance injurious to human health." Offenders are liable to sentences of up to three years in jail.

Other measures cover contamination of the soil, prevention of air pollution, prevention of water pollution, control of waste disposal, noise control, and prevention of sea-water contamination.

The Sato government has always been supported by the business and industrial communities. How rigorously the government will enforce the new laws, inadequate as critics find them, remains to be seen.

DDT Verboten

BONN.

LEGISLATION TO BAN the use of DDT in West Germany, effective in mid-May, has been drafted by the Ministry of Agriculture. The law carries fines of up to $2,600.

One temporary exception is included in the bill. The timber industry will be permitted to continue using DDT until 1974 to protect young trees.

The Minister of Agriculture acted following field studies that had shown the harmful aftereffects of spraying with the compound. The ban comes almost exactly one century after the chemical was first synthesized—in 1874—by a young German chemist, Othmar Zeidler.

Eliminating Litter

SINGAPORE.

A CRACKDOWN against dirt and litter has paid off handsomely in this island republic. The capital city of Singapore, according to a recent visitor, has suddenly become "the cleanest city in Asia."

The cleanup began with the passage by Parliament of an environmental health act in 1968. Among other things, the act spelled out rules for handling garbage and refuse and specified that property owners and occupants keep the streets abutting their premises washed down and swept clean.

In a section covering public places, the law said that any person who "throws or leaves behind any bottle, glass, can, food container, food wrapper, particles of food, or any other article or thing . . . shall be guilty of an offense . . . and may be arrested without warrant by any police officer. . . ." Persons littering from motor vehicles were also held liable to arrest. Heavy fines that mounted dramatically for repeaters were fixed.

The act has been enforced by the police with ruthless efficiency. Even smokers who carelessly tossed their cigarette butts into the street have been arrested and fined.

Although citizens were induced to obey the law at first through fear of prosecution, there is evidence they now take pride in the cleanliness of their city and have come to consider littering as anti-social behavior.

Cats as Rx for Rats

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA.

CATS from any source whatever are being sought by the government of this Latin American country. A critical shortage of the domestic animals has led to an alarming increase in the rat population, particularly in the tropical lowlands. Farmers are also complaining about the threat to their crops from infestations of mice and other rodents. Many Colombians have suffered rat bites and been subjected to diseases transmitted by the rodents.

In a recent news conference that made headlines, the director of the Division of Environmental Sanitation of the Ministry of Health blamed the country's cat scarcity on "indiscriminate use of insecticides and fumigation chemicals," which, he said, exterminated the cats without halting the population explosion of rats.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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WHO MAKES THE BABIES?

Contrary to popular belief, it's the affluent—not the poor—who overtax the biosphere.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Many middle- and upper-class Americans hold the convenient belief that the growth of the population of the United States is due mainly to excessive reproduction among the poor and ethnic minorities. In reality, fewer than one-third of the babies born in the U.S. each year belong to the poor, and fewer than 20 per cent to the non-white. Evidently, then, the backbone of our population growth is supplied by the parents of "Middle America," many of whom assure themselves that having a third or fourth child is reasonable because they can "afford" it. Unfortunately, the heaviest costs of excess births do not show up in the family checkbook. Rather, they are measured in terms of stress on non-renewable resources, on the life-support systems of the biosphere, and on the overburdened institutions of our society.

The seriousness of population growth among the affluent is magnified by their disproportionate pressure on resources and environment. This fact is most easily demonstrated quantitatively in an international context by comparing per capita consumption in rich and poor countries. For example, the average American consumes fifty times as much steel, 170 times as much synthetic rubber and newsprint, and 300 times as much plastic as the average citizen of India. The ratio of per capita energy consumption (perhaps the best single indicator of environmental impact) for the same two countries is 56 to 1.

Similar arguments, applied within the boundaries of the United States, indicate that a poor person in our own population has far less opportunity to loot and pollute than does the average American. Thus the slightly higher birth rate among U.S. poor is more than compensated for, in terms of stress on resources and environment, by their lower per capita impact (and the fact that they comprise a relatively small fraction of the population). The higher birth rate is of course a liability, but its consequences are most serious for the poor themselves. Statistically, not only are large families more likely to *be* poor, they are also more likely to *remain* poor. It is also worth noting that, although the poor have had relatively little to do with generating our environmental deterioration, they are often disproportionately its victims. The urban poor are confined to the cores of cities where air pollution is heaviest and urban decay and overcrowding are worst. Migrant farm workers may be spared the evils of modern urban life, but they suffer directly from agricultural pollution, especially misuse of pesticides.

It is particularly unfortunate that the Nixon administration has chosen to label the government's new policy of extending family planning services to the poor as "population control." This terminology has reinforced the erroneous beliefs of much of the public about the source of American population growth. More importantly, it has aroused considerable resentment among minorities, particularly black leaders, who often see such policies as a form of genocide aimed at blacks.

(Apparently, the public, including non-white minorities themselves, tends to equate "poor" with blacks, Chicanos, and American Indians, because higher proportions of these groups are in low income categories. Nevertheless, the majority of the poor are white, and the majority of non-white people are not poor. For instance, only about 30 per cent of black families were classified as poor in 1967.)

In any case, the fears of genocide and economically selective programs have been fed by the attitudes of some population control advocates who seem mainly interested in controlling the reproduction of someone else, and by occasional abuses in existing birth control programs for the poor. Those who have encouraged such abuses, and others preoccupied with variations in the birth rate among different components of our population, should take consolation that a straightforward and non-controversial remedy is available. Specifically, among blacks and other minorities as well as whites, reproduction rates are closely correlated with income and educational levels. (Affluent black couples, for instance, have slightly fewer children on the average than do comparable white couples.) Thus, it would appear that minority and white birth rates will become indistinguishable as soon as minorities are provided the same economic, educational, and social opportunities as are now enjoyed by the rest of us.

In the meantime, of course, contraception and subsidized abortions should be available to *all* Americans, white, black, or brown, married or unmarried. No one should be subjected to compulsory pregnancy. Government support of these measures through national health and welfare services is necessary and long overdue. At the same time, it must be recognized that programs envisioned as purely voluntary and non-coercive by Congress and federal agencies may be coercively administered on the local level. To guard against this possibility, local administration should be in the hands of the recipients of the services and their peers.

Finally, the subsidized provision of contraceptives and abortions should not be misconstrued as population control. Rather, these measures are the logical continuation of family planning, which has been part of the American scene for more than two generations. Population control is the conscious manipulation of population size and growth rate on the societal rather than the family level. If the failure of family planning to stabilize the American population necessitates the escalation to population control measures of some sort, the new efforts should certainly be aimed first at the middle and upper classes, where the societal (as opposed to personal) consequences of growth are greatest.

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NEW TOWNS 73 YEARS LATER

Fulfillment of our urban needs may lie in adapting an old idea that gives work and living quarters to all.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

The best hope for our cities and metropolitan areas is that we seem ready at last to follow Sir Ebenezer Howard's "peaceful path to real reform"—seventy-three years after he first charted it. But even the proponents of his often ridiculed idea do not always understand its full scope and special relevance to our present social and environmental problems.

Howard was the London court stenographer who launched what was first called the "garden city movement" and later the "new towns movement" with a remarkable little book originally published in 1898 with the title *Tomorrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform*. The book was reissued with slight revisions in 1902 as *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*. In the first version, he proposed that London be ringed with comprehensively planned, cooperative communities he called "social cities," where people of all income groups could bring their children up in a wholesome environment and where work, schools, stores, and health and social services would be close at hand. The towns were to be surrounded by permanent green belts in order to preserve the countryside and protect the natural ecology.

The purpose of the new towns was to entice London slum dwellers to leave willingly so that substandard housing could be reconstructed without the horror of forcible displacement that haunts our contemporary urban renewal efforts. The city would then be "saved," Howard wrote, with "new systems of railways, sewerage, drainage, lighting, parks, etc."

Lewis Mumford and his architect friends Clarence Stein and Henry Wright introduced the new-town idea to America in the 1920s and contributed much to its evolution. Stein's town of Radburn in New Jersey, begun in 1928 but discontinued during the Depression, was the first new town to cluster housing around a common green and to separate walkways from motor roads. It revolutionized community design all over the world, but Ebenezer Howard's idea was not picked up again in this country for three more decades.

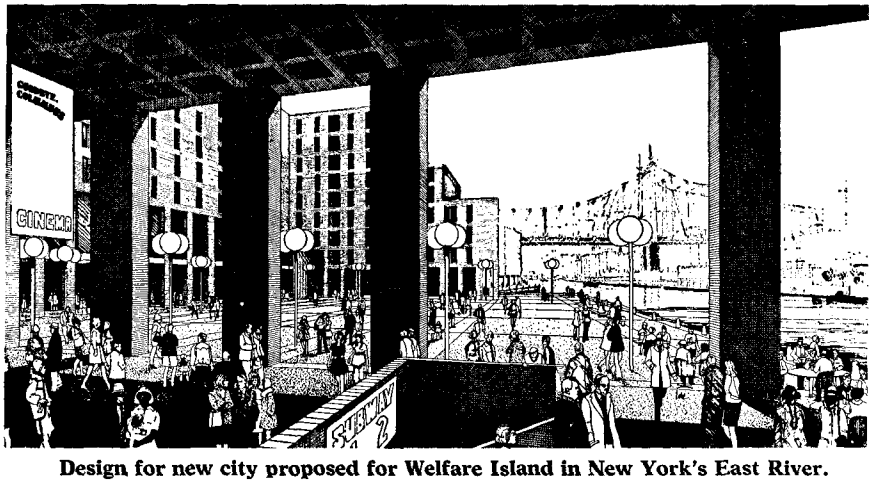
Today a growing number of privately developed new towns, notably Reston in Virginia and Columbia in Maryland, have given us an inkling of the advantages and amenities of a well-planned place to live. According to the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, which has begun to help developers through federal loan guarantees, some seventy privately developed "new communities" are now under way.

This is an encouraging beginning, but no more than that, when you consider our desperate urban needs. Quite aside from replacing the growing number of dilapidated homes and apartments, our imminent population increase by itself, according to one government official, would require "the building of a home for two-and-one-half persons every twenty-seven seconds, or the construction of a new city the size of Tulsa or Dayton (population approximately 250,000) every month over the next thirty years." Technically, this should be possible with the emerging new industrialized construction systems. But none of the currently planned private new towns has yet settled on such a mass production system.

Furthermore, it is essential for orderly urban development and a livable environment that new towns be built in the right locations, along logical transportation corridors, and that they be clearly separated from other dense settlements so they can be surrounded by green spaces for recreation and the regeneration of air and water. Private developers are unable to achieve these essentials. With rare exceptions, they build their towns where they can get hold of relatively inexpensive, contiguous parcels of land—usually one big estate.

The country's most urgent need, however, is not to save the cities but to keep the country from splitting into the two societies the Kerner Commission has warned us about—one black and confined to increasingly isolated inner-city ghettos, one white and escaping city problems by fleeing to increasingly self-sufficient suburbs. Attempts to rehabilitate the ghetto in a meaningful way and on a meaningful scale, whether with urban renewal, "black capitalism," or anti-poverty wars, have proved illusory. You cannot rehabilitate a slum without displacing people, and you cannot attract any jobs back into the ghetto because industry will not settle there.

Title VII of the 1970 Housing Act, which deals with "Urban Growth and New Community Development," recognizes the need for new towns. It calls for "a national urban growth policy" to coordinate present and future urban programs and to effect a more balanced distribution of people on the land. As part of such a policy, it would help build the kind of "social cities" Ebenezer Howard envisaged to meet these social and environmental needs. These new towns of the future are likely to be planned and built by public corporations, such as the New York State Urban Development Corporation, which is now planning a new town within New York City on Welfare Island in the East River, as well as satellite towns for Syracuse and Buffalo. Connecticut, Massachusetts, Arizona, and Kentucky have also recently adopted new-town legislation.



Design for new city proposed for Welfare Island in New York's East River.

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...but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

And just look at her now. She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted, starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 15,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

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Theater

Continued from page 48

ness of his *King Lear* (with Scofield), one hesitates to praise it as highly. Yet because Brook has taken a less intense work and treated it with such freshness and honesty, this production must be acknowledged as a happy and brilliantly successful extension of this theatrical genius's talent.

The current revival of the 1925 musical comedy hit *No, No, Nanette* is shameless in its superimposition of devices that don't belong to the Twenties on a show that does. To begin with, designer Raoul Pene du Bois has gloriously exaggerated the dizzying variety of intense colors worn in those days. Beknickered boys sport gaudily striped sweaters. Absurdly fussy bathing togs clash with yellow sneakers. And the beaded evening gowns of ladies at a party blend into one gorgeous symphony of insanely patterned hues. Obviously no couturier in his right mind would have dared create such clothes. In their deliberate defiance of logic and reasonableness they lift potpourri design to new heights.

One suspects that disciplined unreasonableness is the key to this revival's success and that most of what has been added to the musical has been inspired by the Hollywood extravaganzas of the 1930s, which flaunted nonsensical excessiveness before an appreciative and unquestioning public. The saving grace of these lavish displays was that their execution was intricate, inventive, and flawless.

And so it is now. A bunch of girls seated on a circular pouf suddenly start to rotate it with their feet as part of an ensemble number's ascending climax. Although the effect is simple, it is carried out precisely and, as in those old films, adds fresh propulsion to an enterprise in danger of subsiding. Similarly, an Atlantic City beach sequence is augmented by the entrance of several girls expertly treading atop huge beach balls. Ridiculous? Of course. But delightful nonetheless.

Part of our delight comes from the knowledge that these dances, so neatly choreographed by Donald Saddler, have been supervised by Busby Berkeley, who was the creator and past master of Hollywood danceomania. And two other memorable figures from the past add further authenticity to the enterprise. Sour-faced, zany Patsy Kelly has a great time as an overworked domestic servant. And tap-dancing star Ruby Keeler, who was still in her teens when *No, No, Nanette* first hit Broadway, not only brings her

(*Continued on page 66*)

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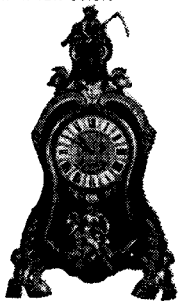

Corregio's Jupiter and Antiope, Renaissance masterpiece purchased by Louis XIV in the 1660s, now at the Louvre. Full page color plate.

(Below) Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet, one of the first to recognize Van Gogh's talent. Shown in full color.

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(*Continued from page 62*)

special geniality to the role of the Bible-publisher's wife, but dances both lead-off and anchor leg in an astonishingly vigorous rendition of "I Want to Be Happy."

But the pleasure of *No, No, Nanette* goes beyond nostalgia. Director-adapter Burt Shevelove has brushed up Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel's old book so that each bit of humor works for a modern audience. Shevelove's task is made easier by the skill and personality of Jack Gilford, who plays the leading role of Jimmy Smith, the wealthy Bible publisher who is trying to keep his wife from finding out about three young gold diggers with whom he has become involved. Because old musicals had to have innocence under the spiciness, Jimmy has never consummated any of these relationships. This makes Jimmy a charmingly innocent sugar daddy, and Gilford gets ingratiating laughter out of the cannily simplistic way he deals with his problem. His step-by-step admission to his lawyer that he has become involved with not just one girl but three is uproarious. And when the payola threatens to make a dent in his fortune, his idea of recouping his losses by printing the Bible on thinner paper is Sholom Aleichem humor at its characteristic best.

Such beautiful embroidery more than compensates for some of the show's original virtues, which are considerably diminished. Where *The Boy Friend* did succeed in making us care terribly about the boy getting the girl, this aspect of *No, No, Nanette* emerges as pretty nominal. And the keenly awaited duet of Vincent Youmans and Irving Caesar's "Tea for Two" by Susan Watson and Roger Rathburn is nowhere near as captivating as the soft-shoe dance that follows. Perhaps this is because the show now has a different balance, with dancing and jokes predominating.

Fortunately, the emphasized elements are so thoroughly entertaining that sophisticated modern theatergoers will embrace this "new, new Nanette" for the merry madcap she has become.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 43: tacos, coast, coats, ascot.

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(Continued on page 70)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 69)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1922

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "When we have —— to these balls,/We will in France, by God's grace, play a set." (contr. and wd. followed by WORD E; "Henry V")	48 65 74 102 125 129 130 147 153
B. Abiding within, as a guiding force, principle, etc.	159 169 185 186 3 19 22 35 50 81
C. Whit, mite (2 wds.)	181 187 195 199 33 46 100 112 124
D. Struck or touched lightly	151 175 31 122 127 7
E. See WORD A	16 32 61 24 88 140 162
F. "It isn't —— to cut anyone you've been introduced to," says the Red Queen.	165 166 178 146 157 173 188 198 4
G. Perennial herb, *asperula tinctoria*, of Europe (2 wds.)	39 117 134 191 194 93 28 67 78 106 53 201 131
H. Cases; posts	205 6 15 68 85 132 148 192 13 21
I. Doubtfulness or uncertainty of intention	49 137 144 152 170 73 80 149 183
J. Flatness, lack of spirit	5 18 42 51 64 168 171 155
K. Inability to transmit infrared radiation	196 1 76 114 66 176 182 203 10 45

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Workers in railroad section gangs (2 wds.)	135 142 9 47 123 58 94 98 71 177 197 38
M. Transported, captivated	63 69 75 82 97 109 158 184 89
N. Indifferent	101 52 108 163 206 8 30 40 141
O. Inhabitants of Gath	174 202 56 79 23 36 77 86
P. "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose ——/Nature's own sweet cunning hand laid on," says Viola (3 wds., "Twelfth Night")	92 138 70 116 120 110 104 133 60 83 57
Q. Younger son of Joseph and Asenath (Gen. 41;52)	126 84 164 95 105 139 193
R. Place of destruction; the depths of hell	44 156 55 96 107 29 128
S. Attendants or criers in courts of law	154 161 180 41 160 14 27 90 111
T. Ospreys (2 wds.)	190 204 87 167 172 26 115 59 179
U. Great Russian-French chess player (1892-1946)	119 34 145 62 189 12 143 150
V. Probability	43 17 103 11 54 20 2 91 200 113
W. Youths, esp. in Scotland	72 136 99 121 37 25 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 K	2 V	3 B		4 F	5 J	6 H	7 D	8 N	9 L	10 K	11 V		12 U	13 H		14 S
	15 H	16 E	17 V	18 J	19 B		20 V	21 H		22 B	23 O	24 E	25 W		26 T	
27 S	28 G	29 R	30 N	31 D	32 E	33 C	34 U		35 B	36 O		37 W	38 L		39 G	40 N
41 S	42 J	43 V	44 R	45 K	46 C	47 L		48 A	49 I	50 B	51 J	52 N	53 G	54 V	55 R	56 O
57 P	58 L		59 T	60 P	61 E	62 U	63 M	64 J		65 A	66 K	67 G	68 H	69 M	70 P	
71 L	72 W	73 I	74 A	75 M	76 K	77 O	78 G		79 O	80 I	81 B	82 M	83 P		84 Q	85 H
86 O	87 T	88 E	89 M		90 S	91 V	92 P	93 G	94 L	95 Q	96 R		97 M	98 L	99 W	
100 C	101 N	102 A	103 V	104 P	105 Q	106 G	107 R		108 N	109 M	110 P		111 S	112 C	113 V	114 K
115 T	116 P	117 G	118 W		119 U	120 P	121 W		122 D	123 L		124 C	125 A	126 Q		127 D
128 R	129 A		130 A	131 G		132 H	133 P	134 G		135 L	136 W	137 I	138 P		139 Q	140 E
	141 N	142 L	143 U		144 I	145 U		146 F	147 A	148 H	149 I	150 U		151 D	152 I	153 A
154 S	155 J		156 R	157 F	158 M		159 B	160 S		161 S	162 E		163 N	164 Q	165 F	
166 F	167 T	168 J	169 B	170 I		171 J	172 T	173 F		174 O	175 D	176 K	177 L		178 F	179 T
	180 S	181 C	182 K	183 I	184 M	185 B		186 B	187 C	188 F	189 U		190 T	191 G	192 H	193 Q
	194 G	195 C	196 K	197 L	198 F		199 C	200 V		201 G	202 O	203 K	204 T	205 H	206 N	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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